

THE AZTECS

BY WALTER WARREN





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THE AZTECS

BY

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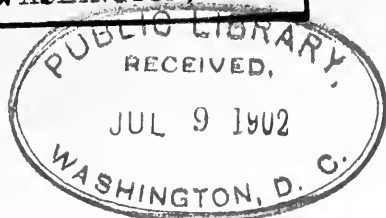
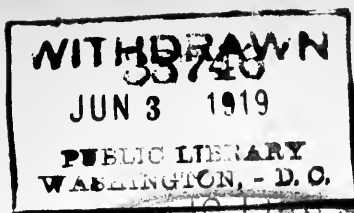
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CHARACTERS.

- MONASKA. A young Mexican or Acolhuan warrior of noble blood, captured by the Aztecs from the Teztucans, a people who, before succumbing to the Aztec invasion, were distinguished by their comparatively mild religion and manners.
- KOOTHIA. A crippled Teztucan of high rank and education, captured by the Aztecs years before the time when the drama is supposed to open, and now a slave of the priest, Haijo, and an attendant at the temple.
- HAIJO. A chief priest of the Aztecs.
- WAPELLA. A Teztucan warrior, captured by the Aztecs at the same time as Monaska.
- THE KING. Sovereign of the Aztecs.
- WALOON. A Teztucan maiden of high rank, niece of Kootha, captured, when very young, by the Aztecs and adopted by Haijo the priest.
- | | | | | |
|--------|---|----------|---|-----------------------------------|
| FIRST | } | MAIDENS. | { | Admirers of Monaska, and assigned |
| SECOND | | | | to him as wives, according to |
| THIRD | | | | the customs of the Aztecs. |

WOMEN, MAIDENS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES, PAGES, ATTENDANTS, ETC.



PROPERTIES.

- MONASKA. In Act First, Bow, Arrows, and Club. In Act Second, Club. In Acts Third and Fourth, Flower-wreathed Head-dress and Lyre.
- KOOTHA. In Acts First and Fifth, a Spear.
- HAIJO. In Act First, a Spear.
- WAPELLA. In Acts First and Fifth, Bow, Arrows, and Club. In Act Second, a Club.
- KING. In all the Acts, Belt and Hand Weapons appropriate for a king. In Acts Second and Fourth, some sort of a Crown.
- WALOON. In Act First, a Spear. In Act Second, a Wreath of Flowers.
- MAIDENS. In Second Act, Wreaths of Flowers about their heads, shoulders, etc., and also carried in their hands.
- SOLDIERS with Bows, Arrows, Spears, etc., and all on the stage in the costumes of the place and period.



PLACE AND TIME.

The scene of this drama is laid in Mexico near the opening of the Fifteenth Century, just when the Aztecs were beginning to overrun the country, and when, therefore, the peculiar forms of their religion may reasonably be supposed to have been comparatively unknown to the Teztucans who, as will be shown presently, adhered, in the main, to the more mild religious observances of the ancient Toltecs.

The facts with reference to the Aztec human sacrifices, the selection for these of a captive without blemish, the allotment to him of certain maidens as wives, and the general luxury and adoration with which he was surrounded up to the time when, surrendering the flowers that crowned his head and the lyre that he carried, he ascended the pyramid to have his heart torn out of him while still alive,—all these facts are well known, and will be recognized to justify the delineations of the drama.

A few words, however, may be necessary to explain the disposition which Haijo and the King are represented as proposing to make of Waloon. In a note referring to the inmates of the Aztec religious houses, in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," vol. I., p. 69, we read that "Tales of scandal . . . have been told of the Aztec virgins," etc., and in vol. I., pp. 110-112, of the same author's "Conquest of Peru," a country in which there prevailed a worship of the heavenly bodies very similar to that of the Aztecs, we are informed, with reference to the "Virgins of the Sun," as they were termed, that "they were young maidens, dedicated to the service of the deity, who . . . were taken from their homes and introduced into convents. . . . From the

moment they entered the establishment, they were cut off from all connection with the world, even with their own family and friends. Yet . . . though Virgins of the Sun, they, were brides of the Inca (or king), and, at a marriageable age, the most beautiful among them were selected for the honors . . . of the royal seraglio . . . The full complement of this amounted in time not only to hundreds but to thousands, who found accommodations in his different palaces." An established custom like this among the Peruvians certainly seems sufficient to justify an illustration of the spirit underlying it among a people so much like them in other respects as were the Aztecs.

A few words may be needed too with reference to the range of thought and feeling attributed in the drama to Monaska and Kootha. Some may suppose the healthfully romantic chastity of the one and the philosophic cynicism of the other to be idealizations beyond the possibilities of the period.

With reference to the first of these suppositions it is only necessary to say that a very slight investigation of facts would enable the reader to recognize that Monaska represents a type of character by no means uncommon among the Indians of our own country to-day, or among other semi-civilized people. The elaborated systems of ethics, to which the enlightened nations are apt to attribute their virtue, are themselves merely developments of natural and normal instincts of which men, especially young men, are everywhere conscious, and by which they are often controlled. If this were not so, the ethics of civilized life would be a result without a cause.

With reference to the philosophic and religious attitudes of mind of Kootha, and of Monaska, too, so far as he is represented as indulging in these, something more, perhaps, should be said. And first of all, let the reader be reminded that, had this drama been written by one who had lived among the Aztecs,

it would have been impossible for him, however desirous of being faithful to facts, looking backward, as he would be obliged to do, through the vista of time, not to have his whole representation tinged with the results of his experiences in life, thought and expression through the four hundred years intervening. But, besides this, were he a poet, it would be impossible for him not to have them tinged specifically with the results of his own imagination, inasmuch as the value of the contribution of poetry, in all cases, is exactly proportioned to the light with which it illumines facts in connection with the process of transferring them to the region of fancy. It is admitted, therefore, that the characters of this drama are presented as they appear through an intervening space of four hundred years ; and that, as a consequence, in all cases, the expressions used, and in some cases the substance of what is expressed, are modern. But even where this is most so, even where the former fact is manifested in the introduction of words like *engine* or *electric*, if it be asked how could these be used, before the age of steam or electricity, the answer is that, in reality, terms of this character were used before this age—though, of course, without conveying the suggestions that have accompanied them since then. If, because of these suggestions, we exclude such words from a drama like this, or other words of more recent date, the same principle, logically carried out, would lead to our excluding the use of all except very elementary and hence very unnatural, often unpoetic, English. Indeed, why should it not lead to our excluding any language whatever except the Aztec ?

So, too, with reference to the modern phases of thought in the drama, so far as these are not necessarily connected with the use of modern phraseology. Just as a magnifying glass discovers subtle points of interest in an object to which it is applied, so is it permissible for imaginative art to discover these—in case, like the glass, it does not change the relative proportions of the parts to one another and the whole. A

poet, like a painter, has a right to magnify the interest and beauty of the life that furnishes his model by means of the medium—the modern medium too—through which he is supposed to contemplate it. Otherwise, the subject with which he deals could not be treated from a present and poetic view-point, and his works would not be worth the ink expended on them. All the consideration for truth which it seems reasonable to expect of the historic dramatist is that, in a medium, the component parts of which are necessarily made up of the language and methods of thought natural to his own time, he should represent, in their relative proportions, the particular motives and feelings as well as the general atmosphere of thought natural to the conditions existing at the time of the events forming the basis of his plot.

There still remains another supposition to be met. It has apparently been granted, thus far, that the range of thought and feeling attributed to Monaska and Kootha may be beyond the possibilities of the period. But barring the modern phraseology and suggestions, to which reference has already been made, it is by no means certain that this need be conceded. The fathers of the Spanish church, at the time when America was discovered, seeing in the distribution of bread and wine, confession, penance, monasticism and sacrificial ceremonies, as practiced by its aborigines, a resemblance to their own religious observances, could attribute this to nothing but contrivances of the devil to counterfeit the rites of Christianity. But we all know now, or ought to know, that the real explanation for resemblances of this kind is to be found in the fact that humanity, wherever it exists, is the same; and that a similar stage of its development always leads to forms of life, religious as well as civil, of the same general nature. This fact, indeed, is the chief warrant for supposing that this drama of the Aztecs can have any present interest, or suggest, by analogy, any present lesson. But this thought aside, the fact being as stated, all that is needed to justify the character-

istics and sentiments of Monaska and Kootha is to show that the civilization of the Teztucans at this period was sufficiently highly developed to produce them. To do this is not difficult. Of one of the kings of Teztuco, Nezahualcoyotl, who died about 1470 A. D., the same author already quoted says in the "Conquest of Mexico," vol. I., pp. 192-196, that "He built a temple in the usual pyramidal form, and on the summit a tower nine stories high, to represent the nine heavens; a tenth was surmounted by a roof painted black and profusely gilded with stars on the outside and incrustated with metals and precious stones within. He dedicated this to the unknown God, the Cause of causes. . . . No image was allowed in the edifice, as unsuited to the invisible God; and the people were expressly prohibited from profaning the altars with blood, or any other sacrifices than that of the perfume of flowers and sweet-scented gums." He is also represented to have said: "Idols of wood and gold can neither see, hear nor feel; much less could they make the heavens and the earth and man the lord of it. These must be the work of the all-powerful, unknown God, Creator of the universe, on whom alone I must rely for consolation and support;" and in one of his poems—for many nobles and princes of this people were poets—he says: "The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod; and that which has befallen them shall happen to us, and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects,—let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the sun, and the dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars." Men educated where opinions like these prevailed and were expressed, could certainly be capable of sentiments not different in essence from those idealized in the expressions attributed in this drama to Monaska and Kootha.



THE AZTECS.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE :—*A forest. Backing, a tree with a moss-covered elevation or seat at the Right of it. Many Entrances at Right and Left through the trees. The darkness of a storm by day, with occasional thunder and lightning. Contending bands of warriors in flight and pursuit cross stage from Left to Right.*

Enter—Left Second—KOOTHA.

KOOTHA (*soliloquizing*).

Oh, what a whirlwind's tidal-wave is war !
Then hell breaks loose to over-flood the sky,
Hurling all heaven-built order upside down
Till right is drowned in darkness of the deep,
And wrong o'errides the crest.—They might have
known

They would be tricked. War's tactics all are
acts

Of treachery—the one sole sphere where he
Who does the worst thing does the best, all faith

Falls trampled down beneath the foot of force
And fair means trip trailed mireward after foul.

*Enter—Right Second—*OFFICER.

OFFICER. What, Kootha, you here?

KOOTHA. Ay.

OFFICER. What for?

KOOTHA. To see

The tragedy.

OFFICER. 'Tis over now.

KOOTHA. The fight?—

I don't mean that.—You've prisoners?

OFFICER. In crowds.

KOOTHA. 'Tis they I came to see.

OFFICER. Oh, yes!—'Tis you

Attends them till they're sacrificed.

KOOTHA. 'Tis I.

OFFICER. And you take pleasure in it?

KOOTHA. So they say.—

Why?—Would not you?

OFFICER. In part of it I might.—

'Tis you that, like an angel, brings to each

The maiden he is free to love and wed.

KOOTHA. 'Tis I, too, ride the nightmare, sped him
when

His love o'erflows in dreams of Paradise.

I come to tell him just the way to reach it,

Describe the scene awaiting on the morrow—

His own stripped, cringing form—and, over there,

Each man, maid, child in town agog to see him.

Then how the priests will throttle, throw him
down,

And, while yet living, writhing, yelling, sane,
Gouge their blunt nails between his reeking ribs,
And, by the roots, tear out his dripping heart.

OFFICER. Ugh !—I would rather be a soldier.

KOOTH A. What ?—

And miss a spectacle so rare ?—that play
Of fright and agony, in white and shade
Breaking in contrast o'er your victim's brow ?
Why, man, what's life without variety ?

OFFICER. You see too much of it.

KOOTH A. Oh no !—no more

Than all men do—perhaps concentrated more
Than hell vouchsafes to others ! That is all.

OFFICER (*pointing toward Left Third Entrance*).

See there—the maids are coming now.

KOOTH A. Of course,
To snare the captive that your spears have
spared.

They know the first with whom they fall in love,
Will be the first one whom the priest will call
The chosen of the gods, and send to—heaven.
What cares a maid if he's her victim too ?

OFFICER. You mean her lover.

KOOTH A. 'Tis the same.

OFFICER. To you,

A soldier's life seems lovelier, then ?

KOOTH A. Why not ?—

A man-foe's but a brute, a whale that whacks
 The spirit's prow and whirls it from its course.
 A woman-foe's a devil, seizing on
 The spirit's helm to turn it where she will.
 Her victim though—he thinks her will is his.
 You never knew a man to dodge the touch
 Of love-gloved fingers that first clutched his
 heart.

That heart held once within the grip of love,
 Takes every wrench that wrings its life-blood
 out

To be its own pulsation.

OFFICER.

I, at least,

Am not their victim yet, and so I'll leave.

Exit—Right Third Entrance—OFFICER.

KOOTHÁ (*looking at him as he leaves*).

No, not their victim ; but your captives are ;
 And they are my own kin, whom I, forsooth,
 Must fool and lure to slaughter. How I longed
 For their success ! Yet why ?—I'm well off
 here ;
 And they might not have deem'd me of their
 race,—

So young I was when captured, now so like
 A native. Yet could I but save Waloon !
 She spurns my aid ; but she's my brother's child ;
 And Haijo, he who maimed me—made me slave,
 Haijo, he trains her like a budding flower
 To clip and fling up to the royal couch,

When comes the time her beauty blooms in full.
 Poor duped Waloon!—I've learned to bear my
 fate.

But you—how like what Haijo wills you grow!
 Deem nothing true nor right in earth or air
 Except as he enjoins!—are so much his
 That even I, who ought to, do not dare
 To let you know the foe we just have fought
 Are our own kinsmen.—What oppression's worse
 Than force that jails expression, whether walled
 In masonry or flesh!—Though it may be
 Fit training for a life whose brightest end
 Is death. If all must die alone, may be
 'Tis best, ere death, we learn to live alone.

Enter—Left Third Entrance—a crowd of WOMEN.

FIRST WOMAN. Aha, you think so, do you, Kootha?

KOOTHA. You

Have come to prove you need to learn it, eh?

But you've no business here.

(Gesturing to make them retire.)

SECOND WOMAN *(advancing in a supplicating way)*.

We came to pray——

KOOTHA. Oh, yes, I know, you always come to
 prey.

So do the buzzards, but we drive them back.

SECOND WOMAN. We're seeking——

KOOTHA. You'll not find them. Heads, not
 hearts,

Are lost in this place.

FIRST WOMAN (*sarcastically*).

Not in this place, Kootha.

It must be further on.

(*She tries to pass him.*)

KOOTHA (*preventing her*).

No, no, stay back.

FIRST WOMAN. Stay back?—Stay back yourself.

You're not the one

Commanding here—a slave of priests like you!

What good are priests upon a battle-field?

KOOTHA. To save souls from perdition. I'm between

The men and you.

FIRST WOMAN. The fight is over.

KOOTHA. Then

Do let the warriors have a little rest.

Don't break their peace, until you get them home.

FIRST WOMAN. No fear for your peace! We'll let you alone!

There are those, though, who want us.

KOOTHA. There are men

Who've lost their senses. Ay, I've heard of those

With ears too dull to hear a bat when squealing,

And flesh too tough to feel a flea when stinging.

SECOND WOMAN (*to* FIRST WOMAN).

Don't stand and talk. We have a right to see

The captives. Kootha knows it too.

(*To* KOOTHA).

Stand back!

(To FIRST WOMAN).

Go forward !

KOOTHA. Nay, leave forwardness to men.

'Tis backwardness that best becomes a woman.

(An arrow, coming from the right, falls upon the stage.

KOOTHA picks it up and shows it.)

See there—an arrow ! They are fighting still.

You may get more of these through your own
hearts

Than even you could dream to send through
others.

WOMEN. Oh ! oh !

Exeunt—at the Left Entrances—the WOMEN in fright.

KOOTHA (looking after them, and toward the right).

The fight and fight not over ! Humph !

Exit—Left—KOOTHA.

(After a little, amid thunder and lightning),

Enter—Right Upper Entrance—WAPELLA.

Enter—Right Second Entrance—MONASKA.

WAPELLA. That you, Monaska ?

MONASKA. Yes, and you ?

WAPELLA. Wapella.

MONASKA. What man can fight both earth and
heaven ?

WAPELLA. Some fiend

Is raining down these fiery storm-bolts.

MONASKA. Yes,

We meet the foe, and in their track, as if

Out-cowarding the just-caught cuttle-fish,
This gloom exudes upon the flooding light.

WAPELLA. We might have scaled their hill, but not
these heavens.

MONASKA. We just had drawn our bows, each arrow
aimed

To wedge eternal stillness in between
Unhinging joints of some affrighted heart,
When down upon us burst that thunder-flash.
The shock, so sudden, glanced the arrows up
As if to shoot them in the face of gods
Asail the clouds in yon black gulf. It gave
Their men their chance. With one wild yell and
bound

They closed like smoke about the lightning's
fire ;

And, all with darts whirled on like sparks before
A flame that followed, they came roaring on
To fill the gaps their shots had made. Oh,
hell !

Not one of us but saw, mount fiercely up—
The dying body of some fallen friend,
What seemed wild fiends.

WAPELLA. How know you but they were ?—
Grim phantom spirits of the earth and air—
The same that now pursue us ?—And from them
You fled ?

MONASKA. Fled ?—Never ! No, with them I fought,
Till all I fought for but myself were not.

WAPELLA. Hush, hush ! 'They'll find us.

MONASKA. Ay, they will—too soon !

Each fearful time this lid of heaven lifts,
 'The rays pour in and focus here on us.
 They axle here the foes' near wheeling lines,
 Ay, draw them like a whirlpool to its vortex.

WAPELLA. This tree will be our shield.

*(The two move toward a tree at Back Center with a
 moss-covered bench at Right of it.)*

MONASKA. There's not a tree
 Or leaf, or trunk, but what, to point us out,
 These fiery fingers of the storm would dash
 Aside to ashes—dust—thin air.

WAPELLA *(leading MONASKA toward the moss-
 covered seat or elevation at the Right of the tree).*

We're here

As hid as could be hoped for.

MONASKA. I've no hope
 For anything. Sweet hope's a bird of light,
 The electric touch of whose aspiring wing
 Thrills to new life the very air one breathes.
 In gloom like ours the trembling heart but leaps
 To dodge the whirl of some blind bat of fear.

WAPELLA *(looking toward the Left).*

Hark ! hark ! There's human rhythm in this
 hell.

What hot pursuit is it comes burning through
 These crackling branches ?

(Vivid lightning.)

MONASKA (*pointing toward the Left*).

Did you see it?

WAPELLA.

No.

But when I do——

(*Drawing his bow.*)

MONASKA (*placing his hand on the bow*).

Hold!—If one e'er could see

An angel, hers would be a form like that.

WAPELLA. An angel?—fiend!

MONASKA. Right! Only fools have faith

In forms they've not had wit to find unfrocked.

Not sages even see the spirit through them.

We'll fly.

WAPELLA (*placing his hand on his hip, and sinking down*).

I cannot.

MONASKA. What?—You're wounded?

WAPELLA. Yes.

MONASKA (*sitting on the moss-covered seat beside him*).

Then I'll not leave you.

WAPELLA. Go.

MONASKA (*lying down on the moss-covered elevation*).

I'll not.—There's none

Can wish us mortals ill who mirror back

His wishes to him. Let us yield our wills

Where we would not our lives, and feign we're
dead.

Enter—Left Third Entrance—WALOON.

WAPELLA. Sh—sh——

WALOON (*soliloquizing*).

The foe are fled. Our homes are safe ;
(*Lightning. She sees MONASKA and WAPELLA*).

Why, who are they ?—How beautiful ! What
flowers

To bloom amid the desert of the storm !

What glow of vigor in their fair, round limbs,

Ay, how their colors warm this cold-hued air !—

Can they be wounded ?—dead ?—Oh, cruel man,

When spirits of the sunlight guise in flesh

And pour their prism-prisoned sunlight through
it,

Have we so much to cheer us on the earth,

We can afford destruction to the frames

That form fit settings of a light so dear ?—

I'll go to them.

(*She approaches, bends and touches them.*)

Thank heaven, they're warm !—But what ?—

(*Lightning.*)

This garb ?—They're foes !—They'll kill me yet
unless——

(*Lifts a spear that she holds in her hand, then drops it.*)

Who made me heaven's avenging messenger ?

Or bade me cull for those high gardeners there

What grow in nights of earth to greet their dawn ?

I should not know them foes but for their guise.

And if they're soon to drop their flesh, what's
that

But guise that's nearer to their souls ? It gone,

What would they be but spirits, freed from space,—
From all the need of trampling others down
To find a place to stand in for themselves?—
I'll see if they be living.—Say, good friends—
(*She shakes them. They start up. She draws back,
lifting her spear.*)

Wait, wait?—I'm but a maid. I'll do no harm.—
(*As they sit still and look at her.*)

You're wounded?

MONASKA. One—but not to death.—And you?—
Why do you stand there, and not hurl the dart.
It would be sweet, if when one came to die,
His last look could sigh forth toward one like you.

WALOON. I kill you?—What?

MONASKA. And why, pray, should you not?

WALOON. Why, I'm a woman!

(*The storm ceases; and from this time on the stage
grows gradually brighter.*)

MONASKA. And a woman's aim
Knows how to reach the heart. We should
escape

The bungling work of men.

(*Opening his breast.*)

Here's mine. Take aim.

'Tis open to you. 'Twill not twinge but thrill
To feel it takes what you would give.

WALOON. No, no;
You're far too strong and fair for earth to lose.
Some one, with you, would find it full of light.

MONASKA. But we're your foes.

WALOON. To me you seem like friends.

MONASKA. But to your brothers?

WALOON. There are those they spare.

MONASKA. You'll plead for us?

WALOON. I will.

MONASKA. Pleas from such lips,

Like fragrance from the flowers upon a shrine,

Might bring an answer. I will trust your pleas.

(MONASKA and WAPELLA begin to rise.)

Enter—Left Second Entrance—HAIJO and KOOTHA.

WALOON. Nay, nay, lie still. Wait, till I speak to them.

(*Pointing to HAIJO and KOOTHA, and moving toward them and addressing them.*)

I've found some wounded warriors.

KOOTHA. Foes?

WALOON. They are.

KOOTHA. I hope then you have cured them of their wounds!

WALOON. How so?

KOOTHA (*lifting his spear*).

How so?—There's only one sure cure.—

Ope wide the casket that the world has bruised

And let the unbruised soul fly out of it.

(*Makes as if he would move toward MONASKA.*) ,

WALOON (*lifting her hands, and moving forward as if to shield MONASKA*).

No, no; not that, not that! They're beautiful.

KOOTHÁ. Then send them upward while they are
so. Why

Outlive the happy moment for one's death !

A body maimed may mold a spirit maimed.

WALOON. Their wounds are not so bad as that.

KOOTHÁ. Or good.

(WALOON *looks at him in a puzzled way.*)

I mean it—good. I mean it. Come, let's view
them.

(WALOON *gestures toward them and looks toward*
HAIJO.)

HAIJO (*to WALOON, as he looks toward the prisoners*).

You call them beautiful ? Humph, when you've
seen

As much of men as I have, you'll think more

Of greater spirits with their lives enshrined

In mountain, valley, forest, shrub, and flower

Than of these little spirits framed in flesh.

WALOON. A great priest, you, and I'm a little
maid.

HAIJO. Yes, yes, my child, and little men like
these

Are sent sometimes on little missions to us.

KOOTHÁ (*waving his spear*).

I'll pin them down where they shall kneel before
us

As long as any life remains in them.

HAIJO. No, no !—I'll wait here, Kootha. You go on,
And tell them at the temple I'm detained.

KOOTHA (*aside, as he moves toward Right First Entrance*).

Oh, heavens, I thought to help them! 'Tis too late.

*Exit—Right Front Entrance—*KOOTHA.

HAIJO (*to WALOON*).

You wish to save them, eh?—There's one way.

WALOON (*eagerly*). What?

HAIJO. Why, make the king adopt them. 'Tis a thing

That's often done. Then they'll belong to us,

As much so as if born here. Do you think

There's anything that he'll not do for you?—

The trouble is, I hear, that there are things

That you'll not do for him, ha, ha, ha, ha!—

Oh, no offense! You know you are my ward.

For one, I ward you from his majesty.

Suppose you go, and tell your tale to him—

The beauty of the prisoners, and your wish.

I think he'll grant it.

WALOON. Ay, and free them wholly?

HAIJO. Why, you can ask and learn. Should he refuse,

They're no more sure to die than they are now.

(HAIJO *waves his hand*.)

*Enter—from both Right and Left—*WARRIORS
with spears, and stand watching MONASKA
and WAPELLA.

WALOON. I'll go and tell them why I'm going to leave them.—

You'll guard them while I'm gone?

HAIJO. As if the king
Himself had ordered it.

(*Aside, as WALOON walks toward MONASKA and
WAPELLA who rise to receive her.*)

The girl is right.

They're are beauties, no mistake, just what we need!

There's not another fair-formed captive left us.

The king will save them, there's no doubt of that;

This fellow 'll make a royal sacrifice.

WALOON (*to MONASKA*).

I'm going to ask the king if he'll adopt you.

(*Pointing to HAIJO.*)

This guardian of all our sacred things

Will guard you sacredly till I return.

HAIJO (*to MONASKA and WAPELLA*).

Unless you mean to fly. Try that; no more

Could you escape our warriors' darts, than dodge

The shadows of the trees through which you flew.

Exit—at the Right—WALOON.

MONASKA (*to HAIJO*).

You seem a prophet, sire?

HAIJO. I'm held as such.

MONASKA (*holding out his hand*).

And you could read my fate?

HAIJO.

Not difficult.

(*Plucking a twig from a tree.*)

The tree's full growth is here, could one unfold
it.

Your future is the fruit of present dreams,
The lure that leads the deepest wish within you;
The goal that lights the furthest path of hope.

(*Taking MONASKA by the hand, then dropping it.*)

A touch that feels the start can point the finish.

MONASKA. You think so, sire?

HAIJO.

There's nothing stops the flow

Of thought betwixt my fingers and my brain,

Betwixt your fingers and your brain not so?—

(*Taking him by the hand again.*)

Now join these—what's betwixt your brain and
mine?

MONASKA. Our wills.

HAIJO.

Yet if I yield my will to yours——

MONASKA. But can you?

HAIJO.

And if not, what boots the priest

His years of fasting and of discipline?—

Besides, all lives are much alike.

MONASKA.

They are?—

How so?

HAIJO.

All thorns or roses, if you please,

Grown on the self-same bush.

MONASKA. Do all lives grow
Both thorns and roses ?

HAIJO. Yes, we show the thorns
To those who try to pluck us for themselves ;
The roses to the ones that let us be.

MONASKA. And so you think all lives alike ?

HAIJO. Allied.

All lives are summers, veiled at either end
In shadows of the spring and autumn storms.
We pass from tears of birth to burial ;
And in the brief, bright interval between
There comes anon the fevered flush of life,
Then paleness, then the fevered flush of death.
Men leap and laugh, and then lie back and cough,
Both but hysterical, betwixt the two,
Warring for power that more of war must keep.
Pushing for place that prisons those who seize
it,
Kneeling for love to tramp on when they get it,
Their little rest is large-brought weariness,
And what they most desire is mainly death.

MONASKA. A cheerful view !

HAIJO. It was not volunteered.

MONASKA. My fate's a sad one ?

HAIJO. Brilliant.

MONASKA. Brilliant ?

HAIJO. Yes,——

MONASKA. A fire is brilliant, yet it burns us up.

HAIJO. In time.

MONASKA. And yet all life's a thing of time.

HAIJO. You hunger for excitement, man. You
hail

The trump of war, the tramp of onset, all
That sweeps you on where drafts of life and
love

Fan up the flames that flicker in the breast
And set the whole form's trembling veins aglow.

MONASKA. You read me well.

HAIJO. Suppose this heart a toy
Wound up to run through just so many ticks——

MONASKA. I see, you mean a fast life is a short
life.

HAIJO. The fleetest foot is first to pass the
goal.

MONASKA. But if the goal be high as well as
far——

HAIJO. 'Tis not the bird of fleetest wing flies
highest.

MONASKA. There are exceptions I could risk. If
not,

More blest the short-lived moths that fly to
flame

Straight through a pathway lit by coming light
Than long-lived worms that crawl through end-
less mire.

HAIJO. Yours will be lit by coming light.

MONASKA. And I'll
Not lose my life?

HAIJO. Of course, in every life,

The first and final acts are tragedy.

MONASKA. But ere the final act?—

HAIJO. The whole you wish

You'll have.

MONASKA. Not all?

HAIJO. Yes, all.

MONASKA. I'm not unselfish.

HAIJO. You need not be—where all will rush to
serve you.

MONASKA. I'm vain.

HAIJO. There'll none be clothed in richer robes.

MONASKA. I've appetites.

HAIJO. Each meal will be a feast.

MONASKA. I would not slave it to these lower
aims.

I have ambition.

HAIJO. None will rank above you.

MONASKA. None?

HAIJO. I've said it—none.

MONASKA. That cannot be.

My birth—

HAISO. Who knows the place for which he's born?

MONASKA. I've higher aspirations in my soul.

HAIJO. So?—mount the highest. You'll be like a
god.

(Aside.)

Now will I see if he divine my meaning.

MONASKA. It may be when I die.

HAIJO (*aside*).

'Tis not divined ; or, if it be,
He does not dream that 'twill apply to him.

(*To MONASKA.*)

No ; you mistook my thought. I spoke of
earth.

MONASKA. Of earth ?—You know, sire, I can tell it
you—

You're used to the confessions of a youth ?

HAIJO. Yes, you can tell me all.

MONASKA. I'm not a man
Has lived or worked with other men. My soul
Has dwelt alone, and sails the waves of life
Like some lost drop of olives on the sea,
Refusing still, however wildly tossed,
To lose or fuse itself in others. Oft
I've yearned to find a mate ; but, whoso came,
The spirit that is in me would deny
My clasping to a heart that might not beat
To time the pulses of another's purpose.
So what I would caress, I dared not touch,
For fear the rhythm throbbing in my veins
Should prove discordant and reveal us foes.

HAIJO. It's love you wish ?

MONASKA. Ay, sire, I would be loved.

HAIJO. You think that strange at your age,
strange ?

MONASKA. Not strange the wish—but could it be
fulfilled——

HAIJO. I've said it should be. You shall be so
loved

You'll yearn for rivals rather than behold them.

MONASKA. I'll yearn—but how can this be true?

You jest.

HAIJO. Is it my face or robe you deem a jester's?

MONASKA. 'Tis really true?

HAIJO. 'Tis in your hand, your face.

I told you I had had experience.

Why do you doubt?

MONASKA. Because there's naught I've known

That's like it.

HAIJO. Life brings day as well as night,

When day, 'tis wise to use the sunshine.

MONASKA (*looking at WAPELLA, who has been
watching them eagerly, and now rises*).

Come

And tell his fortune too.

WAPELLA. Yes, mine.

Enter—from the Right—WALOON and the KING.

HAIJO. The King.

(*All bow. The KING speaks aside to HAIJO.*)

The King desires that you retire, you three.

(*Motioning to MONASKA, WAPELLA and WALOON.*)

*Exeunt—at the Left—MONASKA, WAPELLA and
WALOON.*

KING (*to HAIJO*).

What think you?

HAIJO. Just what she has told you, sire.

No doubt about the beauty of the men.

KING. Nor of her love?

HAIJO. It seems to augur well.

KING. I'm not so sure about your method.

HAIJO. No?—

In lands like ours, a land controlled by law,
 Illegal force will rouse the people's wrath.
 But let her love once one we've made a god,
 She'll wed his ghost, dwell with it in the temple.
 There he who is the head of our religion
 Can rightly represent the god,—not so?

KING. I see—a portion of the heaven of which
 The priesthood holds the key, is on the earth.

HAIJO (*suddenly turning the subject*).

Sire, we must have some foe to sacrifice.

For this year——

KING. You will furnish us with one
 Who'll break this maiden's heart.

HAIJO. A mule once broke
 Drives easily.

KING. I'll never doubt again
 What power incarnates Providence on earth.
 Lead out this coming god.

HAIJO (*looking toward the Left*).

Waloos, the King

Desires to see the prisoners.

Enter—from the Left—WALOON, MONASKA and

WAPILLA.

KING (*aside, as he looks at MONASKA*).

Yes, yes,

He is a fine one, no mistake ! Poor girl !—

But what's life worth without its discipline ?

And what are kings and priests for but to give
it ?

No fête's a feast with every course alike ;

And all fare better who begin with bitters.

(*To MONASKA and WAPELLA.*)

Young men, your warriors came a long, hard way

To fight with us,—had better stayed at home.

MONASKA. Our king, sire, sent them forth.

KING. Good deed ! We'll keep

Their flesh to fertilize our fields, and see

That he has less to send the next time. Ha !

(*WARRIORS appear on every side, and, at a sign
from the KING, draw their bows on MONASKA and WAPELLA.*)

Waloon, stand back, there, from the prisoners.

WALOON (*to KING*).

Ah, but you will not kill them, will you, sire ?

KING. Why not ?—They came to kill us. We
kill them,—

That's their desert.

MONASKA (*aiming his bow*).

It may be when we're through,

Through you, and through these ranks too.

WALOON (*hurrying between KING and MONASKA, and
speaking to MONASKA*).

Wait.

MONASKA (*bowing to WALOON*).

For you.

WALOON (*to KING*).

Ah, sire, was it for this I urged them not

To fly from here?—You surely will adopt them?

KING. And you would save my life and save his
too?

(*To MONASKA.*)

We're both indebted to her love, you see.

MONASKA (*to KING*).

I read my pardon in your own face now.

KING. Humph! I've no pity, and no love for
you.

If you are saved; 'tis she alone has done it.

Thank her.

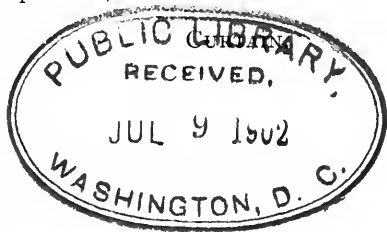
MONASKA (*kneceling to her*).

I'll thank her as I would an angel.

KING (*to HAIJO, aside*).

Our honor's safe. We've made no promises.

Keep watch, and never leave the two alone.



ACT SECOND.

SCENE :—*A walled open space within an Aztec fort. Backing at the Right, a closed gate guarded by SOLDIERS, and at the Left a pyramid-shaped structure such as formed an Aztec temple. On the lower steps of this structure, forming a sort of throne for the KING, rugs, etc. On the Right Side of stage, trees. On the Left Side of stage at the Third Left Entrance, curtains before a building evidently connected with the temple. Entrances: several at the Right through the trees; at the Right Center through the Gateway; at the Left Second to one side of the Temple; at the Left Third, through curtains into the Temple; at the Upper Left between the Temple and the Pyramid. Curtain rises on the gray light of dawn. Guards are at the gates, prisoners grouped about the space. MONASKA and WAPELLA near Left Front.*

WAPELLA. I do not understand this.

MONASKA. No; but half

The interest of life is in its puzzles.

WAPELLA. I thought they set us free.

MONASKA. I've always thought
Some one was just about to set me free.
I've never found him.

WAPELLA. We're no better off
Than these, our fellow-prisoners.

MONASKA. And that's
A lesson to our self-conceit. The wise
Are grateful to their teachers.

WAPELLA. You are sanguine.

MONASKA. Some men are born with light, aspir-
ing blood
That, bounding brainward, keeps the whole frame
glowing.

WAPELLA (*pointing to the other prisoners*).

These men expect us to be put to death.

MONASKA. And some are born with heavy, slug-
gish blood,
That will not leave the heart but keeps it
weighted.

WAPELLA. They say they know the customs of the
place.

MONASKA. We know its characters—the maid,
priest, king——

WAPELLA. They say that captives here are sacri-
ficed.

MONASKA. What's that to those the king himself's
adopted?

WAPELLA. Then tell me why we're prisoned in a
temple.

MONASKA. That's your conundrum. I've not thought of it.

WAPELLA. No; nor of anything outside the maid
You've shrined there in your memory.

MONASKA. With reason!

WAPELLA. Would reason drop the curtain of the
eye,

And dwell in darkness, and be proud of it?

Monaska, you've been dreaming. You must wake
And join us in our effort to escape.

MONASKA. You make it for yourselves. Why wait
for me?

WAPELLA. Why?—You outrank us.

MONASKA. There are no ranks here.

WAPELLA. A leader, if he lead not, shames his
birthright.

Besides, they've given us privileges here.

You keep your club; I mine. The rest have
none.

Perhaps they've merely overlooked our arms,
And, when the morning comes, will take them
from us.

Before that, when the other guards withdraw,

As they do always, when the signal's given,

(Pointing toward the gate.)

Let's press between these two they leave behind,
Each kill his man, and, while the rest break down
The gate behind, we'll all of us rush out,
Overtake our friends and fly with them for home.

MONASKA. The home to which the spider traps the
fly!

WAPELLA. No soldiers watch that side the gate.

MONASKA. And so
To show our gratitude for being saved
We'll leave two prostrate, murdered forms behind
To do obeisance for us!

WAPELLA. Rather than
Harm them, you'll let us all be murdered, eh?

MONASKA. If there were fear of that, the maid
would never
Have pleaded for us.

WAPELLA. They are all our foes.
Can you a moment balance them against
Your time-tried friends?

*Exeunt—at the Left Upper Entrance—all the
GUARDS but two, who stand each side the
gate.*

Look! Now the guards have left.
Monaska, come—I said you would.—They're
waiting.

(Pointing to other PRISONERS.)

MONASKA. You're too suspicious.

WAPELLA *(excitedly)*.

Dare you tackle them?

MONASKA *(angrily)*.

Talk not of daring, or I'll tackle you.

WAPELLA *(excited, but trying to control himself)*.

Forgive me—Why, you know that I'm your friend.

We're all your friends. Monaska, will you join us ?

MONASKA. Turn traitor to the ones that saved us ?—
No.

WAPELLA. But to your own land and your landsmen, yes.

MONASKA (*drawing his club, and springing toward WAPELLA*).

That you must prove, or——

(WAPELLA *draws his club and defends himself*.)

SOLDIER (*at gate*). Hold !

Enter—from the Left—other SOLDIERS and OFFICER. They separate, with spears, MONASKA and WAPELLA.

WAPELLA (*to MONASKA*).

Now you have proved it.

OFFICER (*to MONASKA and WAPELLA*).

Your clubs.

MONASKA. The king 's adopted us. We're free.

OFFICER (*as he motions to SOLDIERS to take the clubs*).

You'll not need these, then, to defend yourselves.

(SOLDIERS *take the clubs*.)

Enter—through the curtains at the Left—HAIJO, KOOTHA and other PRIESTS. HAIJO ascends the steps of pyramid near the rugs. In his hand is a parchment.

OFFICER (*to MONASKA, WAPELLA and other prisoners*).

Stand back, and hear the royal proclamation.

HAIJO (*reading*).

Know, all ye captives, who have proved your worth
By warding off when in the brunt of war
The stroke well aimed to fell you, know to-day
This temple celebrates its yearly fête ;
And hither wend the maidens of the realm.
Commend yourselves to them, and woman's love
Like that which gave our land its natural sons,
Shall make you sons of its adoption, sons
And lovers, fit to claim their heart's devotion.
For why should brave blood flow to waste, and not
Augment the channels of the nation's life?—
Go seek your cells, make ready, and come forth,
And know the highest honors wait for him
Whose charms prove greatest to the greatest
number.

MONASKA (*to WAPELLA*).

There, there. I told you so.

WAPELLA. Well, we shall see——

MONASKA. That I shall wed the woman of my
choice.

*Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—all the PRISONERS
except WAPELLA.*

WAPELLA (*aside, as he looks in direction of MO-
NASKA*).

What fools we are when we would read ourselves.
He thinks he craves the honors promised him
Whose charms prove greatest to the greatest
number.

The only number that his nature craves,
Is number one.

*Exeunt—Left Second Entrance—WAPELLA, followed
by some of the SOLDIERS.*

KOOTHIA (*coming toward a PRIEST, to whom he
speaks*).

Aha! That proclamation
Was worthy of the priest that penned it.

PRIEST. Why?

KOOTHIA. Must be received with faith to seem a
blessing;

And holds a promise that, whatever come,
Will stand.

PRIEST. 'Twill be fulfilled.

KOOTHIA. Oh, yes—in form!

But nothing like a priest's grip on a form
To squeeze the spirit out of it.

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—WALOON.

PRIEST. In that

'Tis true to life. I've not found aught I hoped
Fulfill a promise just as 'twas received.

KOOTHIA. Ay, while the eyes of hope are looking up,
The devil trips the feet. But why should gods
Make priests play devil?

PRIEST (*noticing HAIJO advancing*).

Hold; or you'll play die,

And go to him.

KOOTHIA (*aside, looking at HAIJO*).

Oh, no, no! After death

I think I'll be released from following him.

(The stage grows gradually brighter.)

(Exit—Left Front Entrance—KOOHA and other PRIESTS.)

WALOON *(to HAIJO)*.

Can it be true?

HAIJO. What true?

WALOON. Why, that the king

Will put Monaska to the maiden's test?

HAIJO. Of course.

WALOON. Of course?

HAIJO. Why not?

WALOON. Because the king's

Adopted him.

HAIJO. But you would not deprive

The captive of his rights?

WALOON. His rights?

HAIJO. What right

Can any man have grander than to be

A god?

WALOON. A few weeks' god?

HAIJO. Why, yes. You know

The joy of life is in its quality,

Not quantity. A heaven on earth—what's that

But having what one wishes?

WALOON. This is cruel.

HAIJO. There are a score or more of prisoners.

We need a man whose bearing can supply

Attractions that will draw the souls of all

Toward him and toward the god he represents.
The surest way of choosing such a man
Is this one which the royal will decrees.

WALOON. You know his beauty. They would all
choose him.

HAIJO. Oh, no, no ; none know that ; and if they
did,

'Twould not be just to him to fail for this
To let him be the chosen of the gods.

WALOON. No,—of the maidens.

HAIJO. Of the maidens' love.

And what than woman's love is more like gods' ?

WALOON. Oh, this is fearful, father ! Think of me.

HAIJO. Of you ?

WALOON. I love him.

HAIJO. Then, if he should be

The chosen of the gods, this would confirm

Your choice, and thus exalt both you and him.

WALOON. But then he would belong—oh, not to
me !

But to the world, and to the world of women.

HAIJO. The thought of that is not inspiring ?

WALOON. No.

And soon he would be gone——

HAIJO. Among the gods.

WALOON. I would not have him there. I wish him
here.

HAIJO. If earth held all our souls could wish, no
soul

Could ever wish for heaven.

WALOON. My heaven holds love.
And what 's right there 's right here, and has a
right

To all things man can rightly let it have.

HAIJO. Save when the gods——

WALOON. The gods I cannot see—
In front of me I only see a man.

HAIJO. Then pray the gods to give you light.

WALOON. How can
I pray the gods to give me light, when those
That say they're sent to lead me where it shines
Forever stand betwixt my soul and it.

Enter—Left Upper Entrance—the KING with
ATTENDANTS.

WALOON (*to KING*).

Great sire, they're planning here to do a wrong.

KING. What's that?—It shall be righted.

HAIJO (*to KING*).

She has heard

We'll put Monaska to the maiden's test.

KING. Oh—but—he has a right to it.

WALOON. Yet, sire,

A right that wrongs your kindly pardoning him.

KING. Why, no, no! all our captives have that right.

WALOON. But, sire, he's beautiful. They'll all
choose him.

KING. So much more reason he should have his
chance.

WALOON. But I—I—love him.

HAIJO. If you loved him truly,
You scarce would dare to stand between his soul
And that which lifts him to the gods.

WALOON. You know
I pleaded for his life.

(Turning toward the KING.)

You gave it him.

Now all of us seem plotting for his death.

HAIJO. Monaska had his choice.

WALOON. His choice?

HAIJO. Why, yes.

WALOON. When was it?

HAIJO. In the woods. "More blest," he cried,
"More blest the short-lived moths that fly to
flame .

Straight through a pathway lit by coming light
Than long-lived worms that crawl through end-
less mire."

*(The KING nods approvingly, and moves on with
ATTENDANTS toward the pyramid.)*

WALOON *(to HAIJO)*.

You told him all?

HAIJO. Oh, no, not all, of course.

WALOON. Then I will tell him.

HAIJO. When the priests enjoin it.

Till then, the only lips that can reveal
One temple secret speak from realms of death.

And if they've not already passed to them,
'Twill be our duty to translate them thither.

WALOON (*surprised and in solicitude*).

I cannot speak to him?

HAIJO. Speak all you wish.

But if he learn too much, we'll know through
whom.

WALOON. Oh, cruel! I may speak—show all I
wish—

Except what fills the fount from which it springs.

Can you not see what pain 'twill be to keep

The ever-swelling surging, flood within?—

Go bid the lake sleep on unheard, unseen,

Whose tribute-streams are dashed to cataracts,

Or waves are whirled by cyclones toward the
clouds——

HAIJO. Ah, has it gone so far?

WALOON. Oh, sire, too oft,

A mood but half expressed is all distressed.

Oh, what, what shall I do?

HAIJO. There's one course left.

The surest way to keep from feeling things

Is not to touch them.

WALOON. What were best for me,

Is not the question. I would ward from him

The fatal blight that follows woman's love,

Accursed love, that makes the brightest eye

A sunglass through which heaven would wilt the
soul,

And by the very pleasure beauty gives
 Mete out the measure of impending doom.

HAIJO. What will you do then ?

WALOON. Save him if I can.

(Blast of trumpets, followed by music. The KING and ATTENDANTS arrange themselves on the rugs at the base of the pyramid. The gates backing at the Right are thrown open.)

Exit—Left Second Entrance, very hastily, WALOON.

HAIJO *(aside)*.

Poor fool ! She does not know the surest way
 To guard her lover from the love of all
 Is letting him alone. About the lips
 Found sweet by merely one, all swarm like bees.
 But let that one forsake him all forsake him.

*Enter—through the Gate backing at the Right
 —Procession of MAIDENS and others, bearing
 banners and wreaths and decorated
 with flowers. All sing the following :*

Where dwell the gods ?
 Where dwell the gods ?
 Oh, dwell they in the sky ?
 Or come they near in gloom or gleam
 Of earth or air or wood or stream ?
 Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;
 But, robed in all that teem or seem
 Where eye can spy or fancy fly,
 The gods are always nigh.

How speak the gods ?

How speak the gods ?

In thunder from the sky ?

In storms that o'er the cloud-banks pour,

Or dash in waves along the shore ?

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;

But not alone in rush and roar,

Wherever breeze or breath can sigh

The gods are always nigh.

How touch the gods ?

How touch the gods ?

Oh, reach they from the sky

Wherever airy fingers brush

The leaves that throb, the cheeks that flush ?

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;

But in the thrills that fill the hush

When naught without is passing by,

The gods are always nigh.

Where look the gods ?

Where look the gods ?

In glances from the sky ?

Down through the lightning's death-dealt blaze,

Or thrilling through the starry rays ?

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;

But in the looks that on us gaze

From out the love-lit human eye

The gods are always nigh.

(While singing, the MAIDENS arrange themselves in line from Front to Rear at the Right of stage.)

KING *(looking toward Left Second Entrance).*

And now bring forth the prisoners.

OFFICER (*standing near this entrance*).

They come.

KING (*gesturing with his right hand*).

Arrange them here in line.

Enter — Left Second Entrance — CAPTIVES, and are marched and formed in a line at the Left between the pyramid and the Front of the stage. MONASKA enters last, and stands nearest the Left Front Entrance.

Enter—at the Left Front Entrance—WALOON, and stands at the Left of MONASKA.

KING.

Now shall the eyes

Of gods above look through the brightest eyes

Whose glances light the earth, and whom those eyes

Adore the most, him too shall all adore.

(*The KING, looking at the CAPTIVES, converses with his ATTENDANTS.*)

(*The MAIDENS look at CAPTIVES, especially at those nearest the pyramid, and converse together.*)

WALOON (*to MONASKA, in a half whisper, and not observed by others except him*).

Monaska.

MONASKA (*turning to her*).

What?

WALOON.

Look this way.

MONASKA.

Could I else?—

(*Gesturing and looking toward the MAIDENS.*)

Yet must I seek the favor of these maids.

WALOON. Is not the favor of one maid enough?

MONASKA. Enough and more—yet here——

WALOON. Confide in me.

MONASKA. Yes, wholly.

WALOON. Then be wholly what I wish.

MONASKA. What's that?

WALOON. One who will not attract attention.

MONASKA. Why, then——

WALOON. Then you'll be wholly mine.

MONASKA (*aside, looking toward other MAIDENS*).

I see—

O brightest hour of all my life!—I see

She loves—and love, if shorn of jealousy,

Drops half its charms, like maids that lose their
locks—

And better might be boys, or bald-head babes.

WALOON (*taking him by the sleeve*).

Monaska.

MONASKA (*aside, without looking at her*).

Yes, I'll look this way. At times,

Deceit that spices daintily with doubt

The plain-served truth more seasons it to taste.

WALOON (*touching him again, and moving toward
Left—Front Entrance*).

There's something this way I would have you see.

MONASKA (*looking at her, then speaking aside*).

I must not lose my chances with the maids.

And yet will humor her, and then return.

(Turns toward WALOON and bows.)

Exit—at the Left Front—WALOON.

The highest honors wait for him alone
Whose charms prove greatest to the greatest
number.

Exit—at the Left Front—MONASKA.

KING *(to the MAIDENS).*

Now to select your mates.

(To the CAPTIVES.)

Come forward, men.

(To HAIJO, looking toward Left Front Entrance.)

Saw you those two depart?—She'll tell him all.

(MAIDENS and CAPTIVES mingle and talk.)

HAIJO *(to KING).*

I've seen to that. She will not dare.

KING.

What then?

HAIJO. Oh, they'll return.

KING.

But if they love?

HAIJO.

Then she

Will play the woman, try to fascinate

His eye, spell-bound till blind to charms of
others.

KING. And he?

HAIJO. Why, he's a man. What man will
barter

Self-love for woman's love?

KING.

He may.

HAIJO.

If so,

We'll take some other victim.

KING. He must be it.

HAIJO. Safe statement, sire ! Small danger any man

Will waive his chances for the highest honor

To please a heart whose love is won already.

KING. You may be right.

HAIJO. Yet, if you will, I'll send

A message to remind him of his chances.

(To a MESSENGER, and pointing toward Left Front Entrance.)

Saw you those two retiring to the left.

Remind them of the royal proclamation.

Exit—Left Second Entrance—MESSENGER.

(*Music and dance in which CAPTIVES and MAIDENS join. As the dancing ends.*)

Enter—Left Front Entrance—MONASKA and WALOON.

MONASKA. You will not dance with me, Waloon ?

WALOON. No, no ;

Not here.

MONASKA. Then I shall have to dance alone.

WALOON. Why should you dance at all ?

MONASKA. Why ?—Ask the leaves

The reason why they vibrate in the breeze,

Or ask the trees when swaying in the storm ;

Ask of the spray-drop leaping from the rill,

Or up and down amid the waves at sea ;

Ask of the circling smoke, tornado's cloud,

The sun and moon revolving round the world,

But when the throb of music beats the air
 And sets the currents of the breast in motion,
 Sweeping the bounding blood to rhythmic waves
 That dash like breakers through the heart and
 pulse,

Ask not why every vein begins to glow,
 Each nerve to tremble, all the frame to heave,
 And to and fro to march, to leap, to dance,—
 Enough—'tis natural!—You check our nature,
 You're laying human hands upon the work
 Heaven meant for what it is; and that's profane.

(He makes motions of dancing.)

FIRST MAIDEN (*pointing toward MONASKA and speaking to SECOND MAIDEN*).

See—there's another.

SECOND M. Where?

FIRST M. There with Waloon.

THIRD M. Oh, see!

FIRST M. Let's go to him.

SECOND M. No, no; not yet.

Look there at that one.

*(Pointing toward WAPELLA, who is near the Left
 Upper Entrance.)*

THIRD M. Which one?

SECOND M. That one there.

(All three MAIDS move toward Left Upper Entrance.)

WALOON (*trying to draw MONASKA toward the Left
 Front Entrance*).

Monaska, come this way—do, do—I fear——

MONASKA. You mustn't fear for me.

WALOON. You do not know——

MONASKA (*taking her hand*).

You're trembling.

WALOON. Oh, love, do have faith in me !

MONASKA. Of course I will. You're frightened as
a bird

That once I caught. Poor thing, I would not
harm it,

So beautiful, so soft, with chirp so sweet !

WALOON. But if you look that way, you do not love
me.

MONASKA. And am I everything to you that you
Should fancy you are everything to me ?

WALOON. And am I not then ?

MONASKA. What a fire divine
Must blaze within a woman's heart, who deems
That her one form enkindled by its light
Casts all things else in shade !

WALOON. Do men love less ?

MONASKA. They've eyes, at least, for things they
do not love.

Now I, you know, am young, have seen not much,
(*Looking toward MAIDENS again.*)

And nothing of these scenes you know so well.

WALOON. That's why I fear. I know them all too
well.

MONASKA. My nerves are sensitive to form and
hue.

A little flitting of the two but serves
To irritate and make me itch for more.
But let me once be free to bound and whirl
And scratch my gaze upon them in the dance,
'Twill cure me and not scar below the surface.
I've other better avenues through which
These outer visions reach the heart. Besides,
That's wholly filled already. There's no room
For more than one. Believe me, I speak truth.
WALOON. I know—I do not doubt you, but—
MONASKA (*laughing*).

You do.

Come, come, confess now. You are jealous of me.
WALOON. Not so! No, you mistake me. Would
the gods

Would tell you why, or let me tell you why!
MONASKA. 'Tis something else, then.
WALOON. Yes, 'tis something else.
MONASKA. Then, let me know it.
WALOON. Come this way.
MONASKA. I will.

(*Aside, as WALOON moves toward Left Front Entrance.*)

May be some untold penalty awaits
The one who fails to win the maidens' favor.
(*Turns to follow WALOON, just as HAIJO reaches him, coming from the rear.*)

HAIJO (*to MONASKA*).

What, man, you fear not you are losing time?

MONASKA (*to HAIJO*).

I'm making it, just now.

HAIJO. Make more. You'll need it.

MONASKA. The worth of time is measured like a
gem's

Not by its bulk but by its brilliancy.

HAIJO. Just what I told Waloon you thought.

(*To WALOON who is listening.*)

Not so?

(*To MONASKA.*)

But you—you heard the royal proclamation?

MONASKA. Of course.

HAIJO. And you would waive the highest honor?

MONASKA. For something else, could I not have
them both.

HAIJO. Why can't you have them both?—

(*To WALOON.*)

You know, Waloon,

'Tis so.

MONASKA (*to WALOON*).

'Tis so, Waloon?

WALOON.

I've had my say.—

Will you believe?—

HAIJO. This maiden, or the king?—

MONASKA. This maiden.

HAIJO. Traitor!

MONASKA. And the king.

HAIJO. Prove that

By joining in the dance.—Come,—both together.

WALOON. Not I !

MONASKA (*aside to WALOON*).

Waloon, you need not fear for me,
For if I venture in the dance at all,
I'll dance to win.

WALOON (*anxiously*).

No, no ; I meant——

(MAIDENS *gather around MONASKA and WALOON*.)

FIRST MAIDEN.

Come, come.

(*To WALOON*.)

He'll dance with us if not with you.

SECOND M. (*taking MONASKA by the hand*).

Come on.

THIRD M. Yes, come.

FIRST M.

You must.

THIRD M.

No backing out !

SECOND M. (*taking his hand*).

With me.

(*They drag him with them into the dance*.)

WALOON (*looking after him, as the music begins*).

Why did he hesitate so long ? He's lost !

(*All the MAIDENS and CAPTIVES dance*.)

Exit—Left First Entrance—WALOON.

KING. Now, silence ! Let the maids declare their
choice,

Their first choice, gathering round his figure
whom

The god of love that looks through love-lit eyes,

The spirit that inspires love-throbbing hearts,
 Finds dowered with dignity and manly grace
 And beauty, and all heart-inspiring charms
 That fitly can incarnate love's ideal.

MUSIC.

(The CAPTIVES stand in a line at the Left of the stage; MONASKA not far from its front. The MAIDENS, march along the line of the CAPTIVES, and drop flowers or wreaths in front of MONASKA. Some drop them in front of others, but, seeing that MONASKA will surely be chosen, they take the flowers from others and cast them before him, and gather round him.)

KING *(descending from his seat on the pyramid and taking MONASKA by the hand, pointing with his free hand toward the seat he has just left, at the same time bowing to MONASKA).*

Chosen of love, now bow we to your worth.

We yield to you, and lead you to your place.

(All except the KING prostrate themselves before MONASKA.)

MONASKA. You do me too much honor.

(The KING bows, and shakes his head, while he begins to lead MONASKA toward the seat at the base of the pyramid. Just as they reach it,

Enter—at the Left Second Entrance—throwing up her hands in grief, WALOON.)

WALOON.

Chosen ? Lost !

The PEOPLE chant :

Where look the gods ?

Where look the gods ?

In glances from the sky ?

Down through the lightning's death-dealt blaze,

Or thrilling through the starry rays ?

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high ;

But in the looks that on us gaze

From out the love-lit human eye,

The gods are always nigh.

CURTAIN.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE :—*Same as in Act Second. The Gateway at the Rear open. Guards beside it.*

Enter—Left Third Entrance—KOOHA.

KOOHA (*soliloquizing*).

If what the priesthood teach us be the truth,
Ay, if the gods do everything, themselves,
Why should they smut our mortal souls to stoke
The fuel of their earthly furnace-fires?
If they see everything, what need that I
Play spy here to Monaska and Waloon?—
'Trail like a reptile's tail to prove them brutes,
Where'er the love goes, which but proves them
human?

The power that makes a man who would stand
straight

Prostrate and prostitute his nobler nature,
Sneak, crawl, dodge, shadow spirits bright as
theirs

May come from gods, but, if so, they have mort-
gaged

This part of their dominion to a devil.

Perhaps they have—who knows?—The priest-
hood claim

That earth, made dark, makes heaven by contrast
bright—

How could a mortal ever guess the greed
Gods have for being glorified, unless
What made mankind had damned the most of
them

To show how good it could be saving others?—
How good!—"Tis strange how much would not be
thought

Unless 'twere taught! A plague on pedagogues
Who first began to teach, and teach religion!
As if, forsooth, the heaven would be all dark
Without our great lights of the temple here
To thrust their smoking torches toward it!—
bah!—

Well, well, who knows?—One thing, at least, I
know:

'Tis mean to shove a man and maid together;
And make it sin for them to touch each other.

Enter — through Gate — backing at the Right —
MAIDENS, *talking loudly.*

Hello!—these belles of ours proclaim their pres-
ence,

As ever by their tongues. Oh, for a key
To pitch them to my tune; ay, ay, a key
To wind them up, and make them my machines
To whirl for me, and stir the dust that I
Am doomed to cover life with! Humph, I'll try it.
Waloon might dodge away from them alive;

But from Monaska, if there's naught to check

The love she bears him, she will have no chance.

FIRST MAIDEN. Oh, isn't he lovely !

SECOND M. An ideal god !

FIRST M. His form so graceful !

SECOND M. Yes, and so well built !

THIRD M. His touch so gentle !

FIRST M. Such a godlike flush

On all his flesh !

THIRD M. And flowering in his cheeks !

FIRST M. He's like a spirit lured to gates of dawn

That, venturing near the clouds when all aflame,

Has been snatched up within their ardent arms

And borne to earth with all their glow about him.

SECOND M. And from his lips that have not lost
the tint

Of daybreak yet, there breathe forth sweeter
sighs

Than morning air brings when it drinks the dew.

FIRST M. Ay, ay, than morning air brings when it
rings

To trill the choruses of all the birds.

THIRD M. Such warmth of welcome in his eyes
too !

FIRST M. Yes,

There's fire behind them, fire that when one
feels

The innermost recesses of the soul

Begin to——

KOOTHIA (*interrupting her*).

Burn.—Confess they burn.

FIRST M. (*to KOOTHIA*).

Who spoke

To you, uncouth one? Off!

(*Continuing to other MAIDENS.*)

They rout the gloom

Within the heart sure as the morning sun

That spreads new glory o'er the darkened world,

The while its fire-spied lances tilt the shades

That fly afar, and leave our lives with heaven.

KOOTHIA. Oh, my, how mighty fine your fancies
are!

SECOND M. A woman's fancy 's very near the
truth.

KOOTHIA. As near as fire to water. Yonder pool

Is truth. The sunbeam it reflects is fancy.

One 's water, one is fire. 'Tis as you say

The flaming of his eye has turned the sap

Once oozing from your useless lips to——

(*Hesitating.*)

SECOND M.

What?

KOOTHIA. Why, flames turn sap to soft and sticky
sirup.

Let's hear which sweet lips were they that the
god's

Were stuck to last?

FIRST M.

You horrid man! You know

We love the god.

KOOTHÄ. Oh, yes!—the god in man.—

The god it takes a woman's eye to see.

SECOND M. And what, pray, is it that men worship?

KOOTHÄ. Oh,

The thing that most men worship is themselves.

Or, if their fad's a dogma, 'tis a god

That's like themselves. You know religion's aim

Is bringing gods and men together; so

That creed's most popular with most, which best

Divines how mean and small a god can be.

SECOND M. (*saucily*).

Does that mean anything?

KOOTHÄ. You think not?

SECOND M. No.

KOOTHÄ. You do? Aha! come back then to
your range—

Which one of you was it, the god kissed last?

FIRST M. It's not your business to know.

THIRD M. Just so.

KOOTHÄ. But I'm a man—not woman.

FIRST M. What of that?

KOOTHÄ. And you don't know which maid it is that
proves

The most attractive to most men?

SECOND M. No. Which one?

THIRD M. Yes, which?

FIRST M. Yes, tell us.

KOOTHÄ. Why, of course, the one

That's most attractive to the most of them.

Ha, ha !

(Continuing, as they turn away in anger.)

You see that most men are such apes

They never know which girl to go for next,

Until they see where some one else has gone.

SECOND M. *(sarcastically)*.

Aha ! you think that we wish you, then ?

KOOTH A. Yes,—

Away from here. But, frankly now, my mind

Had stumbled on th' impression that a maid

Looks on her lovers as an Indian brave

On scalps : she likes to see them hanging on

Her neck—at least in presence of her mates

Who've made no conquests.

SECOND M. *(sarcastically)*.

Ah ? and who are they ?

KOOTH A. The town will find them out, some day,

I guess.

THIRD M. 'Tis our fault, then ?

KOOTH A. Humph, what's a woman for ?

And what are you about the temple for ?

THIRD M. Go ask Waloon.

SECOND M. Yes, yes, go ask Waloon.

KOOTH A. Ah, then, there is a favored one I see

SECOND M. I didn't say that.

KOOTH A. You had no need. You know

A friend can heed the meaning of our thought

- Through our most soundless movement.

FIRST M.

You a friend?—

Drive off Waloon then.

KOOHA.

I?—'Tis not my—circus.

But were she more the dove that he esteems her,
 And you still less old hens than you appear,
 I think you might find bills to settle with her,
 And raise a cackle that would make her fly.

(Aside.)

I guess I've roughed their feathers now enough.
 Poor, poor Waloon!—But—it's her only safety.

Enter—at the Left Second—WALOON.

Ah, there she is herself.

FIRST M. *(noticing WALOON).*

Oh, here comes one

That loves the god. How nice to love a god!

SECOND M. But it's not nice to pose as loving one,
 And only love a man.

FIRST M.

You wait awhile

When they uncork the spirit in that flask,—

Ay, when the blood's drained out of it, 'twill not
 Appear to her so rare and rose-like.

SECOND M. *(to WALOON, sarcastically).*

Ah,

You seem surprised?

WALOON.

I am.

THIRD M.

And grieved?

WALOON.

I'm more.

ALL THE MAIDENS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

WALOON.

Yes, I'm surprised and grieved,

And more than this—to think that you are women.

KOOTHA (*aside*).

Aha! Had not found out that fact before?—

She knows it now, though, well enough. They've proved it.

(*To the MAIDENS.*)

Don't talk like this. 'Tis cruel. Be more gentle.

FIRST M. 'Tis cruel, is it! If she likes it not,

She need not strike at our likes. Did she deem

It kind to push between us and the god

The wide-spread drapery of her greedy arms

As if, forsooth, our hope were killed, and she

A vulture feasting with foul wings aflap?

SECOND M. Nay, more, too, make us laughed at,
slighted, scorned?

WALOON. But I've not meant it so. This friend
of mine.

Was mine before you chose him for the god.

FIRST M. Was yours?—and now you mean to keep
him yours?—

And so your eyes are always dodging his

To catch their glances? Did you turn your back,

You fear he might forget you?

ALL THE MAIDENS. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter—Left Third Entrance—HAIJO.

*Exit—Right Second Entrance—KOOTHA, as soon as
he catches sight of HAIJO.*

HAIJO (*to the MAIDENS*).

Why, why, now, what's the matter here?

FIRST M. Waloön.

SECOND M. Waloön.

THIRD M. Waloön.

FIRST M. She says the god is hers.

HAIJO. Of course, but not hers only.

FIRST M. Yes, hers only.

HAIJO. Oh, you mistook her.

THIRD M. No.

SECOND M. 'Tis what she meant.

FIRST M. She called him "mine."

HAIJO. Meant hers?

FIRST M. Yes, hers.

SECOND M. Hers.

THIRD M. Hers.

HAIJO (*to WALOON*).

Can this be true?

WALOON. I said my friend was mine

Before they chose him.

HAIJO. Ah, but they did choose him;

And now, according to the temple's law——

WALOON (*half weeping*).

You mean he is not mine, I know.

HAIJO. My child,

I hoped your training——

WALOON. Do not think that men

Can ever change our nature by their training.

Nay, clip, abuse, deform it as you may,

The weakest bush will bear its own flower still,
And every heart the love that's rooted in it.

HAIJO. Ah, so! You think!—Who taught you,
pray, to think?

WALOON. My mind, sire, and the gods from whom
it came.

HAIJO. Be careful, child; nor force us to use force.

WALOON. Ah, sire, sire, when you come to deal
with thought,

The only influence force can have on it
Is to suppress, but leave it still possessed.
If error be in mind, 'tis better far
To let it out, and so be rid of it.

HAIJO. False hope!—We'll not discuss it now.
You know

The temple's law, that when one will would stand
Against the general good, that will must down.

WALOON. I was not speaking of my will, but heart.

HAIJO. We'll call it heart then. You have thrust
your love

Between these maidens and the god. They claim
The joy and profit of his intercourse.

WALOON. They might have shared these with me.
Never yet,

Have I been left alone with him.

HAIJO. And who

Could hope to be alone when with the gods,
Whose eyes see all, whose arms embrace the
world.

And if incarnate for a time in man,
 'Tis not for us to tempt their high, pure life
 Toward our low, selfish, human love for *one*.
 WALOON. Is that why we've been watched ?

HAIJO. Did you not need
 A hint that others too had claims upon him ?
 What profit is it though a god may dwell
 In human form, if they, whom else the god
 Would lure to love and draw to sympathy
 With heavenly thought and deed and light and
 life,

Be kept away from him by one like you ?

FIRST M. Just what we ask.

HAIJO. What all the wise would ask.

SECOND M. She keeps us from him.

HAIJO. If she do this more
 The law will interfere, and part them wholly.

Enter—through the gate backing at the Right—

ATTENDANTS, PAGES, PRIESTS, PRIEST-
 ESSES, etc., *singing before a chariot in
 which MONASKA is drawn upon the stage.
 His head is crowned with flowers, and he
 thumbs a lyre-like musical instrument.
 All sing the following :*

All hail the god ! All hail the god !

The god enthroned in man,
 Whose realms extend unbound and broad
 Beyond the seas and stars and aught
 That sense has seen or thought has brought
 Or wing, however fleet.

All hail the god ! All hail the god !
 We bow before the man ;
 But bright behind the gaze we greet,
 There gleams the glory yet to meet,
 Our souls beholding past the gloom
 Of toil and trouble, tear and tomb,
 The life that his began.

All hail the god ! All hail the god !
 The god enshrined in man !
 Whose altar fires, while all are awed,
 Are lit in souls that flash through eyes
 That light for heaven itself supplies,
 Where love is light and heat.
 All hail the god ! All hail the god !
 We bow before the man :
 But bright behind the gaze we greet,
 There gleams the glory yet to meet
 Our souls beholding past the gloom
 Of toil and trouble, tear and tomb,
 The life that his began.

FIRST M. (*to MONASKA, as he descends from the chariot, while all bow to him*).

All hail the god !

SECOND M. All hail !

THIRD M. All hail !

FIRST M. (*noticing that he pays no attention to the salutation of the MAIDENS, although they are making every effort to attract his attention*).

All hail !

MONASKA (*aside, glancing around rather scornfully*).

I like not hail-storms but the gentler sunshine.

(Pushing through them toward WALOON.)

'Tis through the arch-bow reared beyond the storm

Life enters on its heritage of hope.

(Takes WALOON by the hand, then, as she does not speak.)

You do not speak to me.—Why this?—Why this?

WALOON *(gesturing toward the other MAIDENS)*.

They chose you. They have claims upon you too.

MONASKA. Claims to my gratitude—I yield them these.

Claims to my love?—Oh, no.

HAIJO. And you will not

Accede then to their claims?

MONASKA. Their sex's claims

Are well acknowledged, as I think, by him

Who plights his whole soul's faith to one of them.

HAIJO *(gesturing toward the other MAIDENS)*.

But you've not plighted faith to them?

MONASKA. To them?—

Why, I would not insult all women so

As to suggest that love for one alone

Did not fill all my heart to overflowing.

You think there's room for more?—Then you mistake.

(Addressing the MAIDENS, who seem offended at his language.)

And can it be that I had not revealed

The truth? Forgive me. I had meant to do it,
'Tis time—is it?—to end your doubts?—I will.

Here stands the holy father. Here stand we.

(*Looking toward HAIJO and taking WALOON's hand,
then leading her toward the Right.*)

'Tis time, Waloon, our vows were made in public.
What? what?—you hesitate?—you do?—you
do?—

*Exeunt—Right Second Entrance—MONASKA and
WALOON.*

FIRST M. (*to HAIJO*).

And had we better follow?

HAIJO. Yes, I think so.

The mood is on her now to thrust him off,

And if she do but push him far enough,

What should he do but tumble then toward you.

*Enter—through gate at the Right Rear—KING and
ATTENDANTS.*

Exeunt—Right Second Entrance—MAIDENS.

KING (*to HAIJO*).

How fares it with the god?

HAIJO. His heavenly mood

Is still upon him.

KING. He does not suspect?

HAIJO. Not he—why, he was just now ordering
me

To seal his vows, and wed him to Waloon.

KING. He does not deem it strange we honor him?

HAIJO. Each to his own conception is a god.

Proclaim him this, you but concede a claim
Long felt within. He knew 'twas so before.

KING. The egotist!

HAIJO. Yes, but we're all that, sire.

The spirit, we are told, is made of air.

'Tis like the air in this. 'Twill force its way

And feel full right to enter and possess

Whatever space a crack or crevice opens.

KING. How to himself, does he explain the way

That all the maidens wait upon his wishes?

HAIJO. He thinks to them, he's lord of all creation.

And so he is, forsooth. Their bearing proves it.

KING. He deems Waloon?—

HAIJO. His only, through and through.

KING. She never can be more completely his?

HAIJO. Impossible.

KING. The time to pluck a flower

Is just when in its bloom.

HAIJO. I think so, sire.

'Tis time to tell Monaska of his fate.

A member of our nearer tribes would know it.

He knows it not. Waloon now shuns him.

Look.

(Pointing to Right.)

And he must find excuse for this, or else

May turn away from her, and seek another.

If so, he may not always keep her love.

Besides, Monaska ought to know the truth.

He's wasting time with her.

No mortal would be present to profane
 Vows fit for only gods to hear, some form,
 With eyes omniscient as the very gods'
 Incarnate in an earthly messenger,
 Have always seemed to loom upon the light
 Like night shades to the lost who pray for day.
 Just now, when I came here, he too was here.
 We left him, and Waloon seemed deaf to me.
 What drowning opiate poured he in her ear
 To deaden nerves hereto so sensitive
 To slightest whispers of my thrilling love
 That hands, voice, lips and eyelids, all her frame
 Went trembling like a willow in a wind?
 It cannot be the cause is in herself.
 Or is it?—Does she merely pity me,
 Whose life she saved, as thousands she might
 save ;
 And, moved by pity still to note my state,
 Thus hinder me from fully asking what,
 If rightly answered, would but seal my doom?—
 No, I have asked her fully—ay, and she—
 Those eyes—ah, naught but light divine as
 love's
 Could so illumine, so transfigure her !

Enter—Left Second Entrance—HAIJO.

HAIJO. Alone, Monaska?

MONASKA. Yes.

HAIJO. Alone? Alone?—

With all those maidens praying for your presence?

MONASKA. I dodged behind a tree, then, when they
left,

Came here.

HAIJO. A valiant warrior !

MONASKA. Yes—with men.

HAIJO. With women ?

MONASKA. He's most valiant with a woman
Who waives what would be force.

HAIJO. And runs away ?

MONASKA. Why, yes, if elsewhere he might be un-
gentle.

HAIJO. Your waste of time does not yet weigh
upon you ?

MONASKA. My what ?

HAIJO. You chose a life not long, but
brilliant.

MONASKA. If so——

HAIJO. 'Tis brilliant now, but 'twill be brief.

MONASKA. Be brief ?——

HAIJO. Enough, I trust, to make you ply
Your opportunities.

MONASKA. And what are they ?

HAIJO. You craved for love.

MONASKA. Ay, and you promised it.

HAIJO. You have it.

MONASKA. Have it ?—No, I have it not.

HAIJO. Your heart must be a very glutton then.

With all these maids——

MONASKA. And what are they—to love ?—

HAIJO. They chose you, yet you turn your back upon them.

MONASKA. But you know why: I turn my back to lust

That I may turn my face to love.

HAIJO. Poor fool,

You've but one life to live, and yet you lose it!

MONASKA. I've but one love to keep, and I shall keep it.

HAIJO. Too bad you had not thought of that before.

MONASKA. Before?

HAIJO. Ay, ay, before the maidens chose you.

MONASKA. Chose me, and not I them.

HAIJO. You courted them.

MONASKA. Oh, no.

HAIJO. You sighed, you smiled, you sued, and wooed.

MONASKA. You overstate——

HAIJO. What made you leave Waloon?

MONASKA. I leave her?

HAIJO. You.—When, just before the dance,

She talked with you aside, and begged you not.

Were you so wholly satisfied with her,

That was the time to show it.

MONASKA. But—the king—

His proclamation, and the highest honor——

HAIJO. You have it now. You gained it leaving her.

MONASKA. I left her for a moment only.

HAIJO. So !

Great fires are kindled in a moment only.
Where hearts are tinder, and a glance a spark,
Why, there——

MONASKA. Aha, those dusky robes of priests
Astride the broken beam of every ray
That bridged my prison's gloom have not been
ghosts
To merely haunt my love ? They have been
fiends
To turn it to a curse.

HAIJO. Blame your own choice.

MONASKA. But how could I have known the choice
meant this ?

HAIJO. Who knows the fruitage of the seed he
plants ?—

Like seed, like fruit.

MONASKA. The seed was very small.

HAIJO. The fruitage large ?—Yet both were one in
kind.

MONASKA. Nay, tho' my transient look went wrong,
my feet

Have followed righteousness. Ah, sire, you know
The only harvests heaven ever finds
Unfold from germs dropped near enough to hell
To fear its heat and grow away from it.—
Why was it wrong to seek the highest honor ?
How could one know it could not come with her ?

HAIJO. You think that one small man's experience
Embraces in its clasp the whole broad earth?—
Nay, it is finite. Every path has limits.
Seek mountain-tops, and you must turn away
From flower and verdure, spring and warmth,
content

With rock and weariness and thirst and chill.

MONASKA. Oh, this is preaching! And you promised me

A brilliant life.

HAIJO. 'Tis brilliant far beyond
Your highest hope.

MONASKA. Nay, nay, you promised love.

HAIJO. The choicest maidens of the realm are
yours.

MONASKA. But not Waloön!

HAIJO. Is his experience
So strangely brilliant who is loved, forsooth,
By one maid only?

MONASKA. It may not be brilliant,
But like a star in heaven it fills with light
One point—that where the gods have placed it.

HAIJO. You—
Why, you're a sun round which such stars revolve
With dignity of larger, broader range
Than gains fit homage from the love of one ;—
Which, if you have not learned, you should be
taught.

MONASKA. And yield Waloön?

HAIJO. Till you have learned to yield
Your love to others too.

Exit—Left Third Entrance—HAIJO.

MONASKA. What? When I've let
Their lustful kisses drain the dew of youth,
Give her the parched and lifeless remnant?—No.
Go take that wolf-skin from the snarling hounds
When all the blood has been sucked out of it,
And flesh gnawed off, and fling it, cold and limp,
Out to the she-wolf panting for her mate;
But ask me not to fling love's foul cold carcass
Out to her arms to whom I owe my life.—
Oh, cursed fate!

Enter—Left Second Entrance—WAPELLA with a
WOMAN.

Wapella, you here? Oh
Wapella, you were right!—And who is this?
(*Gazing at the WOMAN at WAPELLA'S side.*)

WAPELLA. My wife.

MONASKA. Your wife?—Beware—they'll keep her
from you.

WAPELLA. Oh, no one cares what I do here!
Not I,

'Tis you, you know, have won the highest honor.

MONASKA. You've not the highest honor. I, for-
sooth,

I have, Wapella. Ah, why are the scales
That measure what our world is worth so poised
Betwixt the outward and the inward life

That what lifts up the one must lower the other?
Why, when we reach the highest earthly place
Must this be balanced by the spirit's fall?

*Enter—Right Second Entrance—other MAIDENS and
WALOON, who is back of them.*

(MONASKA continues—pointing to WALOON.)
Wapella, there's my heaven ; and all the world,
A world that will the more pollute my soul,
The more I try to cross it, lies between
Myself and it, and keeps me here in hell.

CURTAIN.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST:—*Interior of a room or hut hung with curtains, evidently used as a prison for MONASKA. Entrance at the Left Front. Curtain rising discloses MONASKA dressed in gorgeous apparel. He has on a garlanded head-dress and in his hand a large lyre-like musical instrument. KOOTHA, who apparently has just finished robing him, stands regarding him.*

KOOTHA. You're like the rising sun. Each time
the crowd

Renew their gaze on you, your splendor grows.

MONASKA. And when, at last, you've toned me to
a pitch

That no new height of splendor can transcend,
To get more halo, will they burn me up?

KOOTHA. Oh, no, not that!

MONASKA. How long, think you, 'twill be
Before this play will climax?

KOOTHA (*looking toward Left Entrance*).

Some one's coming.

Enter—from the Left—HAIJO.

HAIJO (*to MONASKA*).

Good-day.

(HAIJO *motions to KOOHA to retire.*)

Exit—Left—KOOHA.

MONASKA. I have my doubts if it be good.

Each time you come to me and call it so,

Your coming makes me more your prisoner.

HAIJO. Of course, if you'll not yield you to our
customs——

MONASKA. If I'll not gulp the feast you gorge me
on,

And prove my soul a glutton, then forsooth,

You'll starve me, thinking 'twill prove beggar, eh?

HAIJO. Oh, no, we hope you'll prove a god.

MONASKA. And what's

The test of godhood?

HAIJO. What is it shall bring

The spirit of the fair-god back to earth,

When once again his white-winged vessels leave

Their land of ease and brave the sea for us?

MONASKA. I know not—What?

HAIJO. Self-sacrifice.

MONASKA. Yes, yes,

I see—perhaps I've wronged you. You may
light

These fires of fierce temptation round me but

To test my metal.—Have I triumphed them?

HAIJO. Triumphed? O'er what?—I spoke of sac-
rifice.

MONASKA. I've sacrificed a lower love to higher.

HAIJO. You call that sacrifice?

MONASKA. What? Is it not?—

To give up what is earthly for the heavenly?—

Turn from the serpent coiled within the loins

To follow in the flight of that fair dove

Whose wings are fluttering within the heart?

HAIJO. To turn from those you loathe to those you
like?—

I did not speak of that.

MONASKA. Ah, not of that?

Of what?

HAIJO. Self-sacrifice.

MONASKA. That's sacrifice

By self, not so?

HAIJO. And if it be?

MONASKA. Why, priest,

You think to force my fate; and if you do,

There may be sacrifice, but not by self.

HAIJO. That's immaterial.

MONASKA. Is it?—in a spirit—

You would make godlike?

HAIJO. Why not, pray?

MONASKA. Because,

When you attempt to mold a spirit's life

With fingers grappling from the fist of force,

You're clutching at the air, at what is far

Too fine for force to handle.

HAIJO. May be, too,

That what you speak of, is too fine for some

To care to handle.

MONASKA. Care not for the spirit?—

What are your gods?

HAIJO. The sovereigns of our temple.

MONASKA. The outward temple only, not the inward?

HAIJO. You deem the sovereigns of the two may differ?

MONASKA. I do. I've heard of priests who judge of gods

Like altars by their gilding, to whose greed

One god in hand is worth a score in heaven.

For every time they kneel to touch their puppet,

'Twill shake to sprinkle gold-dust on them.

HAIJO. Hold!

Where were you reared to such impiety?

MONASKA. Where sun, moon, stars rained from the blue above

And flowers were fountained through the green below,

Where lights we knew not what, but they were heaven's,

Looked down on eyes that looked up from the earth,

And men, whatever might impel their souls,

Were lighted onward by the brightness there.

HAIJO. Ay, and by priests and prophets.—Tell the truth.

MONASKA. Yes, there were those who dreamed, and those who deemed

In darkness they saw forms that had been earth's,
And heard their words, and they believed it true
That there was life behind the sights we see.
But those who stood the nearest to the throne
And knew our poet-king were taught to look
Upon a God beyond the reach of men.

HAIJO. Beyond their reach, what were he worth!

Young man,
You have your priests, your temples, ay, we
know it,
And have but one religion.

MONASKA. And we speak
One language too, but differ in the accent.
The language gives the passwords of the race,
The accent keys the culture of the home,
And some were welcomed to the royal home.

HAIJO. And there were taught religion?

MONASKA. There we heard
The poems of our prince; and prized them not
Because his tongue controlled us, but his truth.

HAIJO (*contemptuously*).

Religion of a poet!—upside down
And inside out, to fit each freak of fancy!

MONASKA. Religion of a man, sire. You would say
One cannot see the spirit save through forms.
Yet who can see through forms, except as these
Obscure the spirit? Be it so, why, then
Our king was right to bid us use our eyes,
Yet not believe that what we saw was all.

And what we cannot see, yet feel, exists,
We cannot think of, save as we imagine.
And so the essence of religious thought
Is poetry,—at least so said our king.

HAIJO (*sarcastically*).

His was a vague religion !

MONASKA. Not so vague

As that religion is whose forms befriend
A life to which all laws within the soul
Are foes. Our king with his one queen would
never

Have sanctioned, much less have exampled, a life
Like that. Oh, something surely must be wrong
When that which rules without rules not within.

HAIJO. You mean you'll not be ruled——

MONASKA. By what you've urged ?—

I cannot.

HAIJO. Yet they chose you as their god.

MONASKA. 'Then it befits me to live like a god.

I tell you they're the noblest on the earth
Whose eyes look up, and he who stands above
them,

Would he fulfill their soul's ideal, must show
A life 'tis worth while looking up to see.

HAIJO. Well, then, prepare to die.

MONASKA. To die?

HAIJO. To-day.

MONASKA. Ye gods ! I had not thought of that—
so soon ?

So soon?—why, you had promised I should have
My fill of love!

Exit—Left—HAIJO, paying no heed to his words.

MONASKA, noticing this, goes on.

What fool's a fool like me!

What foe's as false as he that's false to self!—

And false, forsooth, because of flattery—

Nor of the soul—but of this outward frame,

Frame doomed to be a shattered wreck to-day.

No, no!—not that—it cannot be! No, no;

It is against all nature I should die.

What have I lived for, if I am to die?

How sinks my heart within me! Frail, faint
heart!

And it had so much life! I thought its thrills

The rilling of a fount whose force should flow

Out to a sea of life, as wide as earth,

And upward to a golden clouded heaven.

Why, all my moods—they banner spring-time yet,

The buds but just unfolding, scarce a flutter

To balm the breeze with their sweet promises!

Must all be cut off now?—uprooted?—what?

The prickliest cactus clutches, at the last,

The flower toward which it grows; and shall these
nerves,

So tender to the touch of life, so live

Themselves, so hungry to be fed, yet void

Of all with which hope pledged them to be filled—

Shall they be cheated out of this they craved?

Are all the visions of the fancy frauds
 That fool our faith, anticipating what
 Can never come? Is that mysterious power
 That prompts our life to be, and pushes on
 Toward what it promises, so vilely weak
 That, like a knave who fears to be outwitted,
 It needs must lash and lure us with a lie?—
 Yet now—O heaven! it cannot be! I'll not
 Believe it; no.—

Enter—Left—KOOHA.

Here's some one comes will tell me.

KOOHA (*to MONASKA, who looks at him sharply*).

Well, sire?

MONASKA. That priest has left me.

KOOHA. Yes, I see.

MONASKA. He says that I'm to die.

KOOHA. Most mortals do.

MONASKA. He says to-day.

KOOHA. Bad jobs are at their best

When nearest to their end.

MONASKA (*in surprise*). Indifferent?

KOOHA. Same thing—I'm old.

MONASKA. And so are hard?

KOOHA. No, soft.

I've learned to yield to that which can't be
 blocked

By my opposing it. There's not a rose
 That blooms but fades.

MONASKA. Yet men——

KOOTHA. Oh, yes, yes, men—
 They're different, I know. I know, for men
 Not only fade but rot.

MONASKA (*disgusted*).

Disgusting man !

KOOTHA (*intentionally misunderstanding him*).

You're right—if man with you mean flesh.—You
 know

What human life is ?—'tis a fight of soul
 To keep the body sweet,—a fight a bird
 Or beast knows nothing of. When babes are
 born

They're dipped in water. Every following day
 They're dipped again. If not, ere long will come
 Disease and death, and, when a mortal dies,
 His fellows all thank heaven that they have
 hands

To keep the fight up for him ; for, if not,
 If he's not burned or buried in a jiffy,
 The air of heaven may find his spirit sweet,
 But—humph !—the air of earth—'tis well he's left
 it.

MONASKA. You judge of men by their outsides.

KOOTHA. Oh, no !

Some of our people here so love a foe
 They feast upon him. Who, pray, could know
 more
 Of his insides ? They say—their sense is
 trained—

That nothing tastes so like humanity
As hog, save that its hoglier.

MONASKA. Enough !—

You deem foul drafts like these are bitters fit
To whet an appetite for death? I'm young.

KOOTHA. Be thankful, then, that you're not old,
Worn out, diseased and full of pain.

MONASKA. To think
That all this glowing blood within these veins
Should be spilled out, before my soul has drunk
The pleasure that is in them.

KOOTHÀ. When 'tis drunk.
The veins will be exhausted, have no stock
To treat the sense with longer ; and the soul,
Intoxicated with the joys of earth,
Will be too heavy weighed to rise above them.

MONASKA. But I——

KOOTHÀ. The worst of prisoners is a soul
Severed from its own realm by appetite,—
Ay, by a stomach with the senses ducts
Ditched round it as a castle-mound by moats.
Peace cannot enter, and it cannot leave.

MONASKA. 'Twas not of low desires I spoke. I
said

'That I had never tasted love.

KOOTHA. Then you

Have never found it bitter.

MONASKA. You're a cynic.

KOOTHU. I'm what the world has made me.

MONASKA. Let me die

Before I learn a lesson such as that !

KOOTHA. Wise prayer ! 'Tis mercy that will let us die

Before our souls decay—makes life more sweet
To those who have to live it with us here.

MONASKA. No, no ! You do not understand—
Waloon——

KOOTHA. I understand the world. It frames her
soul,

And yours, and souls in this world fit their frames.

MONASKA. You think I've disposition too despotic
To be appeased by service of her love ?

'Tis not myself I think of, but of her.

KOOTHA. Think of her as she is then.

MONASKA. How is that ?

KOOTHA. A woman.

MONASKA. What's a woman, pray ?

KOOTHA. A what

That's made to woo a man.

MONASKA. What man ?

KOOTHA. What man ?——

Why, any man.

MONASKA. You villain, to say that !

KOOTHA. Humph, humph ! I've seen the world,
and tell you truth.

You think the truth is villainy ?—it is—

The truth about this world.

MONASKA. You think Waloon——

KOOTHÄ. Will mourn you?—Yes, a while ; but woes
like hers

Are troubles which a kindly Providence
Will always raise up some man who can cure.

MONASKA. Waloon—I must believe she knows this
now—

Has made a solemn vow, if aught should come
To me, to serve as priestess in the temple.

KOOTHÄ. Oh, yes, of course, and you're to be her
god?

MONASKA. Sad, lonely servitude !

KOOTHÄ. Oh, no.

MONASKA. With none
To love ?

KOOTHÄ. But there are others there.

MONASKA. What for ?

KOOTHÄ. To represent the god.

MONASKA. You mean——

KOOTHÄ. Oh, no !—

No, not this week, nor month, not that, not that.

But when the time comes—when this lonely soul

Desires content, and cannot leave the place

Without dishonoring herself and us——

MONASKA. Your evil mood is master of your
thought——

KOOTHÄ. Say, makes my conscience conscious that
no law

Can legislate the devil out of life.

You block a maiden of one lover——

MONASKA.

Knave !

KOOTHA. Nay, some would call him both a knave
and brute—

Who failed to make her loss seem less.

MONASKA (*angrily*).

The king

Would not permit this.

KOOTHA.

No ?

MONASKA.

He would ?

KOOTHA.

You see—

The king—he chiefly represents the god.

MONASKA. What ?—I have heard he loves her.—

Can this be

A plot of his to get her, will or nil ?

You mean to say——

KOOTHA.

No, I don't mean to say it ;

I think a man might, if he had some sense,

Put two and two together.—There'll come times

That they'll be two and two together. Humph !

One ought to guess the rest.

MONASKA.

And ought to swear

To level every wall that can shut out

The sun that brings to light man's every act—

The only weapon that can ward off ill

From souls allured to wrong through secrecy.—

And you—what cause had you to hint this to me ?

KOOTHA. You thought Waloon would suffer——

MONASKA.

So she will.

A thousand deaths were better for her.

KOOTHA.

Whose ?—

(*Insinuatingly.*)

You mean the king's?

MONASKA (*suddenly changing his manner*).

Are you a native here?

KOOTHA. I'm not.

MONASKA. Of what tribe then?

KOOTHA. Sh—sh—of yours.

MONASKA. Mine? mine?

KOOTHA. I said it—captured years ago.

MONASKA. And here?

KOOTHA. Dishonored.

MONASKA. Why, you seem a priest?

KOOTHA. I'm what all priests would be, did they believe

In being what they seem.

MONASKA. What's that?

KOOTHA. A man

That's not a man.

MONASKA. And you wish me?—

KOOTHA. To be one.

I'm sent here to prepare your soul to die—

Spectacularly.

MONASKA. You would save me?

KOOTHA. I?

How could I?—Do you think then that a man

Can save a god?—It is the god saves men.

You see this point here?

(*Pointing to a sharp protuberance on one end of the musical instrument carried by*
MONASKA. MONASKA examines it.)

I have known a man

Who had no weapon——

MONASKA. Yes, I see the point !

KOOTHA. There'll come a time when you'll stand
near the king.

If then you choose to give a benediction,
The people's eyes will all be looking downward ;
And if there be confusion, and some gate
About the pyramid be open, then

Fleet feet might pass it, ere they could be tript.

MONASKA. When is it I'll stand nearest to the king ?

KOOTHA. Just when he bids you give this lyre to him.

MONASKA. And I will give it !—What comes just
before ?

KOOTHA. Our adoration.

MONASKA. What just after ?

KOOTHA. You

Begin to mount the pyramid. Meanwhile,
Keep dropping off you, one by one, your robes.
The king takes first this lyre, and Haijo next
Your head-dress ; then, the other priests the rest.

MONASKA. Till everything be taken from me ?

KOOTHA. Yes.

MONASKA. Before the people ?—an indignity !

KOOTHA (*sarcastically*).

They will have done your spirit so much honor,
It will be too much honored for this body.

MONASKA. You mean the body 'll be too much dis-
honored

For any spirit to remain in it.

KOOTHÄ. Oh, not dishonored till the godship
leaves.—

Then what does flesh devoid of god deserve? .

MONASKA. Damnation, if devoid of godship mean

Devoid of spirit to defend the flesh.—

And so they kill me?

KOOTHÄ. In the end they do.

MONASKA. They mutilate me first?

KOOTHÄ. 'Twill not take long.—

You are to see Waloon now.

MONASKA. See Waloon?

'Tis cruel both to her and me!

KOOTHÄ. Oh, then,

If you don't wish it——

MONASKA. But I do—and you—

You are to watch us, as has been your wont?

KOOTHÄ. Why not?

MONASKA. 'Twill be my final word with her.—

Were you to be a god, what would you give

To speak that word and not be overheard?

KOOTHÄ. Eternal benediction.

MONASKA. So will I.

Or god or spirit, here I pledge you them.

KOOTHÄ. Then I'll not overhear you.

*Exit—Left—*KOOTHÄ.

MONASKA (*soliloquizing*). One hope's left.

I have the lyre—

(Making motion of using lyre as a weapon.)

Can give it to the king.

If I must die, I need not leave Waloon
To her worst enemy,—that spider-soul
Bating his web of lust with my pure love,
And, for his foul embrace, entrapping thus
The vainly fluttering wings of her fair spirit.

(Looking toward the Left.)

But ah,—she comes. I must not think of self,
But of this better self. If any soul
Had ever need yet to believe in God
Through a belief in man, that soul is hers.

Enter—Left—WALOON and KOOTHA, who bows to
MONASKA.

Exit—Left—KOOTHA.

WALOON. Monaska.

MONASKA. Here I am, Waloon.

WALOON. You know

The truth?

MONASKA. I do. Oh, love, but it is hard.

You've known it all these days?

WALOON. I've feared it.

MONASKA. 'Twas

For this I deemed you jealous of me?

WALOON. Yes.

MONASKA. A fool that I have been. But who
could think

Humanity could be so base?

WALOON. So what?

MONASKA. So base, so devilish.

WALOON. Who has been this? when?

MONASKA. Who? when?—Why, everybody.—Don't you know?—

The king?—this Haijo?—

WALOON. I don't understand.

MONASKA. Why, they're to kill me. Hadn't you heard of that?

WALOON. But you're the god!

MONASKA. What, what?—you say this? you?
And you believe it right that I should die?—

WALOON (*in surprise and reproach*).

Monaska!

MONASKA. Have I no friends left? not one?—

Not even you?—you wish to kill me too?

WALOON. No, no, not that—but—

MONASKA. All my life, Waloon,
I've served a spirit larger than myself.

This frame but fits it on a single side

With every factor half of what 'twould have.

And now, athrill with vital force that leaps

Through nerves whose circuit is but just complete,

My balanced being had embraced in you

That other side. We are not two, but one.

And—think—to part two factors of one life

Is murder—not of body but of spirit.

WALOON. Monaska—what?—Monaska, are you mad?

MONASKA. Not yet, not quite.

WALOON. But think—you are the god.

MONASKA. Do you believe this ?

WALOON. I ?—why should I not ?

MONASKA. You've always heard it, eh ?—and most
of us

Commune with reason through our memory ;
And not the work of our own minds we heed,
But phonographic phrases framed by others.—
Do you believe, Waloon, that I'm a god ?

WALOON. You must be.

MONASKA. Your god, yours, Waloon ?

WALOON. My god.

MONASKA. To hear you say so, I could think it
too.

Thank heaven, thank heaven ! But if I leave you
here,——

WALOON. I'll always love you—serve you in the
temple.

MONASKA. Nay—say not that !

WALOON. I must though—if I love you.

MONASKA. Must ?—Why ?——

WALOON. They're cursed who love the god, and
do not.

MONASKA. Is that what you've been taught ?

WALOON. Why, yes.

MONASKA. A part

Of that instruction which they call divine ?

(WALOON *nods*, and MONASKA *talks aside*.)

I thought so !—and they say they make me god.
They'll make me devil yet.—I would they could !
What happy hours in hell would heat the hate
My heart could hurl at what they call divine !

WALOON. What's that ?

MONASKA. You ask me what I said ?—'Twas
naught

But practicing to be a god. You know
A coming glory casts a glow before it.
Those who 're to be the lords of dunghills hoop
A crow at times before their combs are grown.

WALOON. You seemed in anger.

MONASKA. So are gods at times.—
They think of men.

WALOON. Of women too ?

MONASKA (*changing his tone*).

Of women too ; they 're said to be in bliss.

Waloan, you love me ?

WALOON. Yes.

MONASKA. You'll always love me ?

WALOON. I will.

MONASKA. Then if a devil comes to you,
In human shape, and says he represents me,
You'll not believe him—not though he's the
king ?

WALOON (*startled*).

What do you mean ?

MONASKA. That if you do, I'll damn you—
Not only I—but all the gods there with me.

(WALOON *draws back in fear.* MONASKA'S *tone changes.*)

Waloon, you're not afraid of me, Waloon?

WALOON (*hesitatingly*).

Why—no—no——

MONASKA. I've a last request to make.

I have to die in public,—is that so?

(WALOON *bows in affirmation.*)

They strip and mutilate me first?

WALOON. You mean

When—when they tear your heart out?

MONASKA (*in horror*).

Tear?—what, what?—

While I'm still living, feeling, tear my heart out?

WALOON. Oh, do not speak of it; it makes me faint.

(*Almost swooning, and seating herself.*)

MONASKA. You faint!—Oh, horror!—and for me, Waloon?

(*Bending over her, and talking huskily and rapidly.*)

We've but a moment more to live together.

(*Trying to rouse her, and succeeding.*)

Wake, wake!—there's something you must promise me.

When I am gone—their ghastly deed been done—

I wish you to recall me as I am,—

One fit for all things almost, save to die,

Each factor, organ, limb of me complete,

And, at this moment, engined by the fire

Blazed through me by your love-enkindled eyes,
No sinew but is trembling with the draft
Of that delicious flame ; but yet no one
Not strengthened to a power divine like that
Propelling all creation,—I'm no man—
I'm god !—you're right. Remember me as god.
You must not see that unveiled, writhing frame
Weak, colorless, save where the death blood dyes it.
Waloon, you must not be there. I shall writhe
More like a god to know you are not there.—
But go you where we met first—in the woods—
You know the place—to me the holiest place
My life has ever known ! Waloon, go there.
Oh, swear to me you will.—My soul will swear
To meet you.

WALOON. What ?

MONASKA. By all that makes me god,
In form, perchance, in spirit certainly.—
Will you, Waloon ?

WALOON. I——

MONASKA. Swear it. So your soul,
As I depart this life, may draw mine own
Off in the current of that sympathy
Forever sweeping from my life to yours.
Away from ways where human wills outwit
The wisdom that has made earth what it is,
To where, in that true temple of the spirit,
The winds are whispering what men know not of,
And flower and leaf are trembling like the heart

That feels the presence of the power divine.—
I'll be there, darling—you ?

WALOON. I too.

MONASKA. Thank heaven !

Enter—Left—KOOtha.

KOOtha. Your time is up.

MONASKA. Farewell, Waloon.

WALOON. Farewell.

Oh, bitter, bitter, bitter word farewell,
So bitter when the lips belie the heart
That knows so well that life will not fare well.

Enter—Left—HAIJO with two ATTENDANTS.

MONASKA (*to WALOON*).

Things may turn brighter than you fear, Waloon.

WALOON. They can't be darker. Oh, my god, my
god !

(*She bows before MONASKA, clinging to his hand.*)

KOOtha (*to HAIJO as he points to WALOON*).

Note how complete is her devotion, sire.

HAIJO (*to KOOtha, but at the same time motioning to
WALOON*).

Remove her.

(*Pointing to MONASKA and speaking to the ATTEND-
ANTS.*)

Lead him forth.

MONASKA (*to WALOON*).

Farewell.

WALOON (*to MONASKA*).

Farewell.

MONASKA. Do not forget—we meet where only
God is.

WALOON. Yes—there.

MONASKA. Have faith and hasten.

WALOON. Yes, farewell.

Exit—Left—WALOON.

HAIJO (*to MONASKA*).

Now comes the hour in which you triumph.

The people at the temple wait for you

To do you adoration.

MONASKA (*lifting up his hands*).

With their hands ?

HAIJO (*also lifting up his hands*).

To lift your spirit to the skies.

MONASKA. You think

I crave that ?

HAIJO. Most men would.

MONASKA. A wingless hand

Lifts only to a wingless height. A rôle

That's not beyond the reach of common men

Cannot incite uncommon aspiration.

Lead me on.

Exit—at the Left—MONASKA, led by the two AT-
TENDANTS.

HAIJO (*to KOOTHA*).

How does he seem to take it ?

KOOTHA. Just like a god that's made by man ; or, if

You like not that, a man that's made by God.—

There's not much difference between the two.

HAIJO. What of Waloon ?

KOOTHA. She thinks as all the world do ;
And so's enough in hell to please a priest.

HAIJO. You villain !

KOOTHA. Yes, I always do your bidding.

HAIJO. I'll strip you of your robes, and turn you
off.

KOOTHA. Oh, no, no ! I'm too useful to you here.

HAIJO. Your usefulness is at an end.

KOOTHA. Oh, no.

I've learned too much of you.

HAIJO (*who has moved toward the Left, as if to exit,
turning about suddenly*).

What's that you said ?

KOOTHA. That I could prove so useful here to
others..

HAIJO. Ungrateful cur !

KOOTHA. Nay, do not say ungrateful.—
Nay. I'm so thankful for what you have taught
me.

HAIJO. My curses on you !—To the sacrifice !
(*HAIJO moves towards the Left Entrance.*)

KOOTHA (*aside*).

The two things go together. It's so kind,
When one has curses loaded on him so,
To let him load them on another.

HAIJO (*turning toward KOOTHA suddenly*).

What ?—

Away.

Exit—at the Left—KOOHA.

His insolence must end, or else
I'll find a way to put an end to him.

Exit—at the Left—HAIJO.

SCENE SECOND :—*Same as Scene in Act Second.*

Enter—through the gateway,—in a procession marching to the music of the orchestra, ATTENDANTS, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES, MAIDENS, PAGES, HAIJO, the KING, MONASKA sitting in his chariot, and apparently playing his lyre, and, near the chariot, KOOHA. WARRIORS end the procession, and station themselves near the gates to guard them. They are not closed. The ATTENDANTS and PRIESTS station themselves at the Right of stage facing Left; the PRIESTESSES and MAIDENS at Left of stage facing Right. The PAGES in Front of pyramid. MONASKA descends from chariot and stands beside HAIJO, facing the pyramid. KOOHA stands nearer the gate. The KING ascends the pyramid a few steps, and, standing in front of the rugs forming a seat near the base of pyramid, faces the audience. The following is then chanted:

Oh, not what life appears to be,
But what that life can do,
Withdraws the veil of mystery
Infolding forms we view.
What but the spirit working through
The guise men wear to what they do

Reveals the faith that, foul or fair,
Awakes and makes the nature there.

The sunshine shows the worth of suns,
The moisture, of the shower ;
The stream, of rills from which it runs,
The fragrance, of the flower ;
And, oh, the spirit when it springs
Above the reach of earthly things,
As fall the limbs that feed the shrine,
Reveals the life to be divine.

(HAIJO *ascends the pyramid a few steps, and stands beside the KING facing MONASKA, who mounts a lower step and whom his hands can touch.*)

THE KING. Now once again, unveiled to mortal
gaze,

Immortal mystery and man have met.

The heavens bend low to touch the earth, and
earth

Is lifting up its longing hands to heaven.

HAIJO (*lifting both hands*).

Oh, ye that dwell less in the earth and sky

Than in the meditations of the mind,

We thank thee that the power of old imposed

On ministers of earth can downward call

(HAIJO *here places both palms on MONASKA's head.*)

Upon a form in fashion like their own

The presence of the gods' own power above,

Till in a human form it sits enthroned.

(As he utters the last words, the KING takes MONASKA by the hand. MONASKA mounts the pyramid between the KING, who is at his right as he turns to face the PEOPLE, and HAIJO who is at his left. The moment MONASKA stands on the step between the KING and HAIJO, both the latter and all the PEOPLE kneel, while all chant the following :)

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun !

HAIJO. All hail the glory won,

PEOPLE. The glory won !

HAIJO and PEOPLE.

All hail the sun that brings the light,
All hail the rays that shower,
And wake the barren wastes of night
To germ and leaf and flower.

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun !

HAIJO. All hail the glory won,

PEOPLE. The glory won !

HAIJO and PEOPLE.

All hail the life behind the sun,
All hail the gods that dwell
Where men whose earthly race is run
Are borne, and all is well.

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun!

HAIJO. All hail the glory won,

PEOPLE. The glory won!

HAIJO *and* PEOPLE.

All hail the form of him who dies,

All hail his soul that wends

Up through the skies, our sacrifice.

All hail the gods, our friends.

(The stage grows darker, indicating an approaching storm.)

KING *(rising, as do all the PEOPLE)*.

Now comes the deed that all the gods await,

The final act of solemn joy that gives

The life we prize to those that reign on high.

But ere his lyre be given to the king,

Let those appointed for the sacred task

Be led here to conduct their holy charge

On his most holy way.

(HAIJO moves, as if to descend the pyramid, but stops, and turns back upon hearing the voice of MONASKA.)

MONASKA *(to KING)*.

Sire, may I ask?—

KING. What would you?

MONASKA. A request,

If I may speak.

HAIJO *(to KING)*.

Sire, he needs nothing.

MONASKA (*to KING*).

'Tis

The last request of him who is your god.

KING (*to MONASKA*).

Say on.

MONASKA. 'Tis only this, then, that my spirit,

To be inspired the better toward the light,

Would gaze upon yon rising sun; but here

It cannot,

(*Pointing toward the gateway at the Rear.*)

KING.

No?

MONASKA (*motioning toward the guards between the pyramid and the gateway.*)

Could these but step aside!—

KING (*to an OFFICER at his Left*).

Yes, let the guards there stand aside, nor hide

The sunlight from the sacrifice.

HAIJO (*to KING, making a gesture of dissent*).

But, sire—

MONASKA (*to HAIJO*).

I asked this of the king.

KING (*hesitating, and looking from MONASKA to HAIJO, then addressing the OFFICER again*).

As Haijo wishes.—

You need not give the order.

(*To HAIJO.*)

We'll proceed.

Let those appointed for the sacred task

Be led here to conduct their holy charge

On his most holy way.

(HAIJO descends the steps of the pyramid.
Those about separate to let him pass them.
Exeunt—Left Third Entrance—HAIJO,
followed by procession of PRIESTS. A
sudden peal of thunder with lightning.)

MONASKA (*to KING, availing himself of the general
 alarm at the suddenness of the peal*).
 Dare you deny me ?

The gods have joined me in my last request.
 Beware, lest by the charm yourselves invoke
 These gods, that you but half believe in, check,
 In ways that pride like yours deserves, the
 course

And curse of most foul infidelity.

KING. Well, well, it matters little.

(*To OFFICER, and gesturing toward the gateway.*)

Officer,
 Give orders that the guard there stand aside.

(*OFFICER moves toward the gateway and gestures. The GUARD move toward the Right*
KOOTH takes a station between the pyramid
and the gateway. KING continues to
MONASKA.)

Now are you ready ?

MONASKA. If the man must die,
 Let not the spirit that you deem divine
 Depart, ere it invoke the powers above
 To rest in endless benediction here.

KING. This proves how wisely you were chosen god.—

(To PEOPLE.)

Prepare, ye people, for a benediction

Which he whom all men worship now vouchsafes.

(PEOPLE kneel, and bend their heads. MONASKA, lifting one hand, motions to the GUARD near the gate that they too kneel. KOOTHA, by motions, seconds his wish, bidding them all kneel down, which they do, bending their heads forward, and casting down their eyes. They are in front of the gateway, with their backs toward it.)

MONASKA (noticing that the KING is still standing).

I would include you too, sire.

KING.

Me ?

MONASKA.

You too—

(The KING kneels. While he is doing so, MONASKA lifts both hands and says—aside.)

I'll keep my prayer up, till the heavens flash,

Then trust in them to end it, pealing down

Their own high benediction on myself.

(To the PEOPLE in a slow, loud manner.)

This is—my—benediction—for the people.

(Bright flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder. MONASKA hurls the lyre down upon the head of the KING, then flies past KOOTHA behind the SOLDIERS, and through the gateway backing at the Right.)

KING. Help, help !

KOOTHA (*running toward KING and motioning
GUARDS to do the same*).

What is it ?

KING (*to OFFICER, who is bending over him*).

He has murdered me,

KOOTHA. Oh, murder, murder !

(*To the GUARDS.*)

Shut the gates. Let none

Escape.

(*GUARDS hasten and close the gates backing at the
Right.*)

OFFICER. Where is he ?—Stop him.

KOOTHA (*standing on a step of the pyramid at the Back
Center and looking toward the Right*).

'Tis too late.

CURTAIN.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE :—*Same as in Act First. The darkness of an approaching storm.*

*Enter—from the Left—*WALOON.

WALOON (*soliloquizing*).

Yes, yes, it is the place. No doubt of that.

Yet, in the dark, 'tis all so different.

How the whole air is weighted with the gloom!

Even to draw it in, my lungs, o'ertaxed,

Would rather chose not breathe than bear the
burden.

These clouds are curtained like a funeral pall,

Fit funeral pall, round my dear dying hope.—

My dying hope?—Oh, selfish, cruel soul,

To think of it when, even now, perchance,

That heart of his, so eager-spiced by love,

Whose every pulse-beat was a piston's throb

To draw out from its reservoir of joy

What should o'erflow for my refreshment; ay,

That heart of his so pliant to my wish

That, at my lightest breath, the brightening
smiles

Would open round his lips in hues as fair

As rosebuds parted by the breeze of May;

That heart of his, the germ of all he was—
 The sweetest outgrowth of the sweetest clay
 This earth has ever molded into form ;—
 To think that even now a heart like that,
 Its nerve-roots quivering in their agony,
 Is being torn out from the bleeding breast
 As if 'twere some foul weed that could pollute
 A soil that, just to hold it—that alone—
 Is more than sacred. Oh, how can the heavens
 Be so unjust? 'Twere better not to think
 Than think but of that fearful, bleeding vision.
 Ah would that I could veil it out—but no!

(Thunder.)

The voice of thunder?—Can it be that he
 Would speak to me through that?—No, not
 through that,
 Not he!—He loves me.—Yet he may have
 changed.

Some tell us that the fairest forms on earth,
 Most full of mirth and softness and caress,
 Whose mildness tames life's wild, coquettish blood,
 Leave in the tomb their loveliness and charm,
 And go thence, fiends.—And he?—no, no, not
 so!—

I almost had forgot he is a god.
 Though what would gods be for, if man were
 good?

And if he be not good, what are they for,
 Except to punish him?—and am I doom'd?—

Why not ?—Is not my spirit in rebellion ?
 Perchance, 'twas not the god in him but man,
 The man they killed for sin, that tempted me
 To leave the temple and to wander here.
 And now the god, then prisoned in the man,
 May wreck his vengeance on me.

(Thunder.)

Hark—again !—

And rain too ! I must find a shelter. What ?—

(Looking toward the Left.)

They're soldiers ?—Can it be that I'm pursued ?

Exit—at the Right—WALOON.

Enter—from the Left—TWO SOLDIERS.

(Thunder and lightning.)

FIRST SOLDIER *(looking toward the Right).*

A woman, I am sure.

SECOND SOLDIER. Then 'twas not he.

No noise !—Were he to think himself pursued

He might escape us.

FIRST SOLDIER. That could never be.

The woods are wholly circled by us now ;

And him we know to be inside.

(Moving toward the Right Upper Entrance.)

(Thunder and lightning.)

SECOND SOLDIER *(looking earnestly toward the Right Upper Entrance, but moving toward the Left).*

This way !

I saw a form there coming ; and the price
 Of capturing by surprise is keeping silence.

FIRST SOLDIER. You're right. No wise men ever
spring a trap

Till sure their prey is in it. We'll withdraw.

*Exeunt—at the Left—*TWO SOLDIERS.

(Thunder and lightning.)

*Enter—Right Upper Entrance—*MONASKA.

MONASKA *(soliloquizing)*.

At last, the place! I feared I should be lost,

So many in pursuit, and everywhere,

Before, behind, on every side of me,

Who know the ground so well, and I so ill!

Strength speeds the feet, but knowledge aims the
bow,

And where the one but just begins the race,

The arrows of the other cleave the goal.

Who could have thought so many cross-road
here

And short-cuts to a pathway well-nigh straight?

At last, I seem now to have dodged the foe;

And if I find Waloon—what then?—I fear

We might attempt escape in vain.—'Tis best,

Perchance, that she should not be here—to die,

To die disgraced if found with me—no, no;

Did she but dream the doom that's destined her—

Disgraced to others, honored to herself!—

What sanguine brain is mine! How know I
this?

To most men no disgrace can loom like theirs

Who dare do aught save by the grace of custom.

Where earth's esteem is what all strive for first,
Her customs make them cowards to the call
Of conscience ; and the foulest crime
Seems not a curse, if it be only common.
Waloon too—could I ever dare reveal
To what departure from all common ways,
To all that she deems holy, I had led her ?
What right have I, more than these priests have
here
To slay me for the safety of their souls, —
What right have I to shade her future life,
Or slay her, as it may be, for my love ?
And were she now to come and find in me
A murderer, where she hoped to find a god,
A coward, driven in fright from ordeals
Which she had prayed would prove him fit for
heaven,—
Oh, how might she abhor these treacherous arms,
Thrown open to receive her ! how detest
Lips that to keep her love must keep their lies !
What has my rashness wrought ? Is it so well
For one man to resist what all men wish ?—
The customs that the centuries have crowned ?
How many have essayed to thwart the world
And only thwarted good the world could do
them !
I might have passed from earth upon a throne,
Revered by all men. and beloved by her,—
Her god !—and shall I now become her fiend ?—

Live on condemned to this, because I dared
 To fight against a world that all should serve?
 Ah, if my dying could have given one heart
 That comfort of the spirit which all crave,
 How could my soul have wrought a godlier deed?
 We're in the world for use; if earth misuse us,
 'Tis better so than that we lose our use.
 And yet,—what is our use?—Oh, would some
 power
 Could tell us how to balance, in our lives,
 The rule of others and the rule of self!
 How can one, when the two conflict, serve both
 And which should he obey?—which first?—For
 me,
 Till spirit seem no more than matter is,
 I'll swear 'tis that which rules me through the
 spirit.

(Thunder and lightning.)

(MONASKA looks toward the Right.)

What's here?—more warriors?—No,—my soul—
 'tis—yes—

Ye gods, if I have not deserved the doom
 Of deepest hell, for her sake, god me now.

Enter—from the Right—WALOON.

WALOON. Monaska!—Oh, ye angels, can it be?—

(Kneeling.)

Nay, blast me not that these unworthy eyes
 Should have presumed to gaze where earth is
 blessed

With this transcendent vision.

MONASKA. Yes, Waloon,
I'm here.

WALOON. You here?—Ye gods, chastise me not.

MONASKA (*aside*).

Nay, nay, I'll not chastise her with the truth.

(*To WALOON, taking her by the hand.*)

Rise up, Waloon, rise up. I merely love you.

WALOON. You love me?—what?—this poor weak
fainting flesh?

(*She rises.*)

MONASKA. Yes, yes, 'tis this I love.—I thank you,
friend,

You had such faith, and came here.

WALOON. Thank the gods
That I have lived to do what pleased a god.

MONASKA. Waloon, do I fulfill your soul's ideal
Of what a god should be?

(*The stage begins to grow brighter.*)

WALOON. Ah, more, far more.

MONASKA. If I came back to live on earth with
you——

WALOON. Nay, hint not that. Earth would be too
much heaven.

MONASKA. And if I were to tell you this, Waloon,
That, far away from here, there lies a realm
Where gods like me can live with maids like you,
But that, to go there, you must tear yourself
Forever from the land that is your home,

Where dwell your friends and kindred, would you go?

WALOON. Though you be god, you know not woman's heart,

If you believe I would not.

MONASKA. Swear it then.

WALOON. I swear——

MONASKA. To leave this land and all you love here,

And fly to live alone with me forever?

WALOON. And fly to live alone with you.

MONASKA. Forever?

WALOON. I do.—What's that?

(She points toward the Left. Stage grows darker again, with a sound of distant thunder and slight flash of lightning.)

MONASKA *(looking toward the Left)*.

It seemed a flash from weapons.

WALOON. The woods are full of warriors, as I think.

MONASKA *(aside, as he moves from her and looks around him)*.

I see—they're all around, each side of us.

O heavens, our time has come!—They're moving off.

We'll have a moment yet.

(Pointing to the moss-covered bench, apparently hidden behind a tree near the Right Upper Entrance.)

Waloos, in here !

WALOON (*gazing around, and apparently seeing the SOLDIERS, then seating herself on the bench, where MONASKA sits beside her*).

I know not what it means.

MONASKA. You've never heard
Of hosts that come with gods to visit earth?
Waloon, were I to tell you that the realm
In which the gods dwell could be reached by you
In one way only,—in the self-same way
That in the temple severs soul from form
In him your priests and people choose as god?—

WALOON. Then I would thank the force that severed
me

From all that could weigh down a soul so light
That but for it 'twould mount like mist to heaven.

MONASKA. Swear you mean truly what you say,
Waloon.

WALOON. I swear it.

(*Lifting her hand.*)

MONASKA (*motioning her to drop her hand*).

Wait—could you return again
And be a priestess in the temple there,
As you have told me that you would become,
With all the honor that a priestess has,
And all the consciousness of deeds divine,
And could you, as the years wore on, forget
The love you once had borne this god——

WALOON.

No, no.

I never could forget that.

(Stage from here on keeps growing brighter.)

MONASKA. Hear me through.
Your king is absolute. He could do all
Your heart desires. What say you, should there
come

A time when he—he loves you now, Waloon—
Should choose you for his queen. If this, Waloon,
This exaltation over all the earth,
Were your bright destiny, say, would you choose
To die, die here alone with faith in one
Whose only welcome for you is a blow?—

(Doubting and lifting his fist.)

Would you choose this?

WALOON. I would.

MONASKA. In truth?

WALOON. I would.—

(Half rising, and looking toward the Left.)

Who is that coming?

MONASKA *(looking the same way, then at her)*.

Do not be afraid.

Why should a soul with faith sublime as yours
Fear aught?—Your love alone, if nothing else,
Could here create of me the god you think me.
*(Hurriedly and nervously, as he induces her to lie on
the moss-covered bench.)*

These come to summon both of us to heaven.
Here darling, rest your head upon this mound.
Cast one look more at me, then let me veil
These loving, earthly eyes from all of earth.

A look like this must never see the stroke
That drives the soul-light out of them.—There,
there,

You are content, my darling, you are sure?—
Content to live with me in spirit only?

WALOON. I am. I am.

MONASKA. Farewell.—I mean farewell
To earthly presence.

(*Placing the veil over her face.*)

Now to angel hands

I leave my angel—nor a whit too soon.

(*Gazing anxiously toward the Left.*)

WAPELLA (*from behind the Left Second entrance*).

Monaska.

WALOON (*aside*).

Who is that?

WAPELLA.

Monaska.

MONASKA (*rising*).

What?

I know that voice.

(*To WALOON.*)

Lie still, dear. I'll return.

Enter—Left Second Entrance—WAPELLA.

WAPELLA. Monaska.

MONASKA (*moving to meet WAPELLA*).

What?—Wapella?

WAPELLA.

Yes,—with friends.—

To save you.

MONASKA. How can this be? How came you

To seek me here?

Enter—Left Second Entrance—KOOHA.

(The stage is brilliantly illumined, and warriors enter from every side.)

WAPELLA. We tracked you. Weeks ago,
When learning what would be your fate, I fled.
I found our comrades, many still not slain.
We all returned, and watched here in the woods.
Then Kootha met us—vowed to do his best
To save you, and this morning, when you flew,
We watched, we dodged, we circled round your
path,
And now we've trapped you. Haste. We'll all
escape.

(In surprise, as they approach WALOON.)

Waloona is with you?

MONASKA *(taking WALOON by the hand)*.

Yes.—Rise up, Waloona.

WALOON *(rising and gazing about in a dazed way)*.

And who are these?

MONASKA. They're friends to welcome us,
And lead us to the realm of which I spoke.

WALOON. The realm?—What realm?

MONASKA. What realm, Waloona?—My heaven.

CURTAIN.

END OF THE DRAMA.



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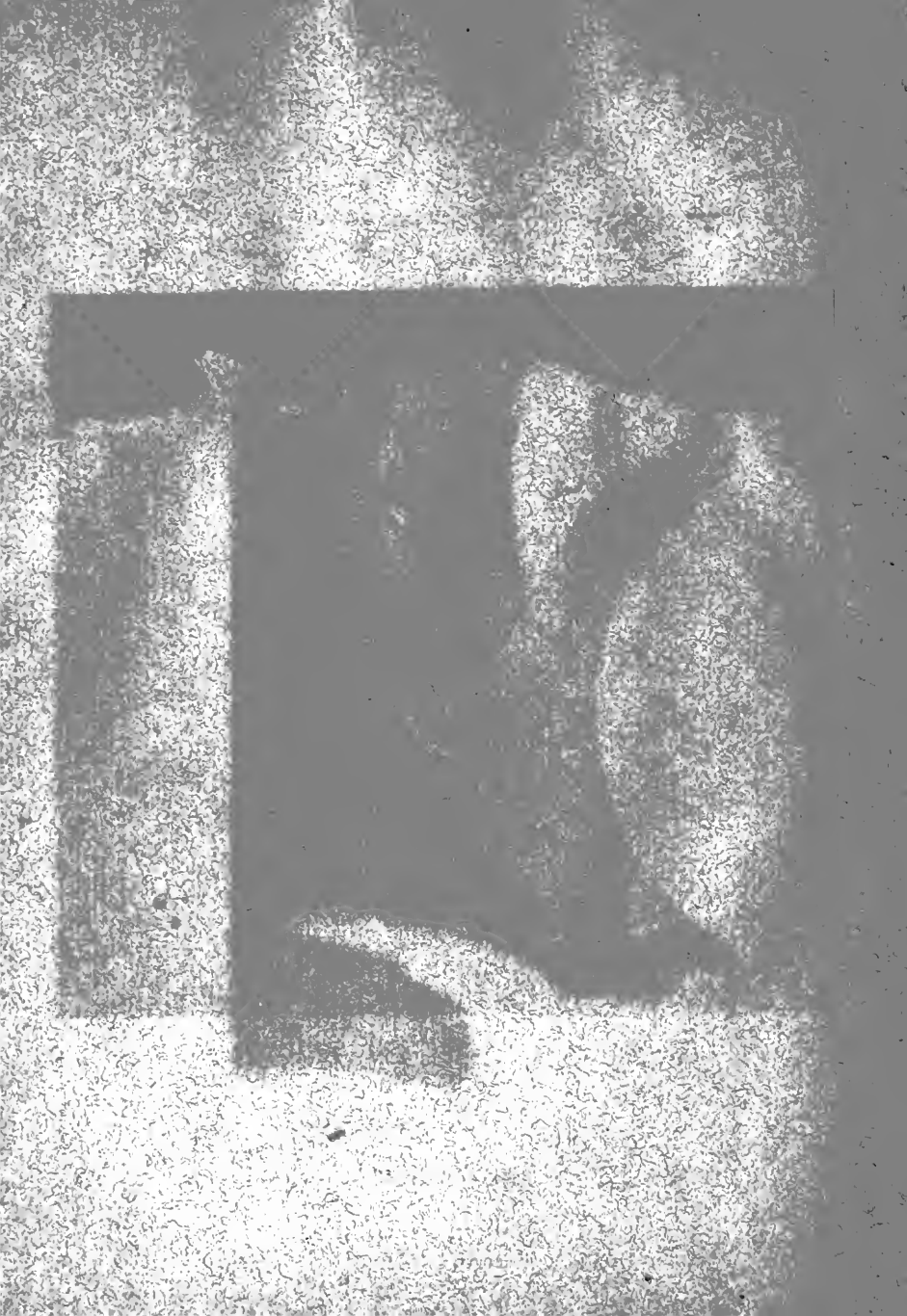
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